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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXI No. 2232 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 31 1942

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Volume CLXXI No. 2232 The SPHERE, London, October 31, 1942

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC".
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE FIRST PICTURE FROM THE FRONT IN EGYPT SHOWING HOW THE 8TH ARMY'S OFFENSIVE OPENED: A GERMAN STRONG-POINT IS CAPTURED AND THE WAY PREPARED FOR A FURTHER ADVANCE—*Picture by radio*

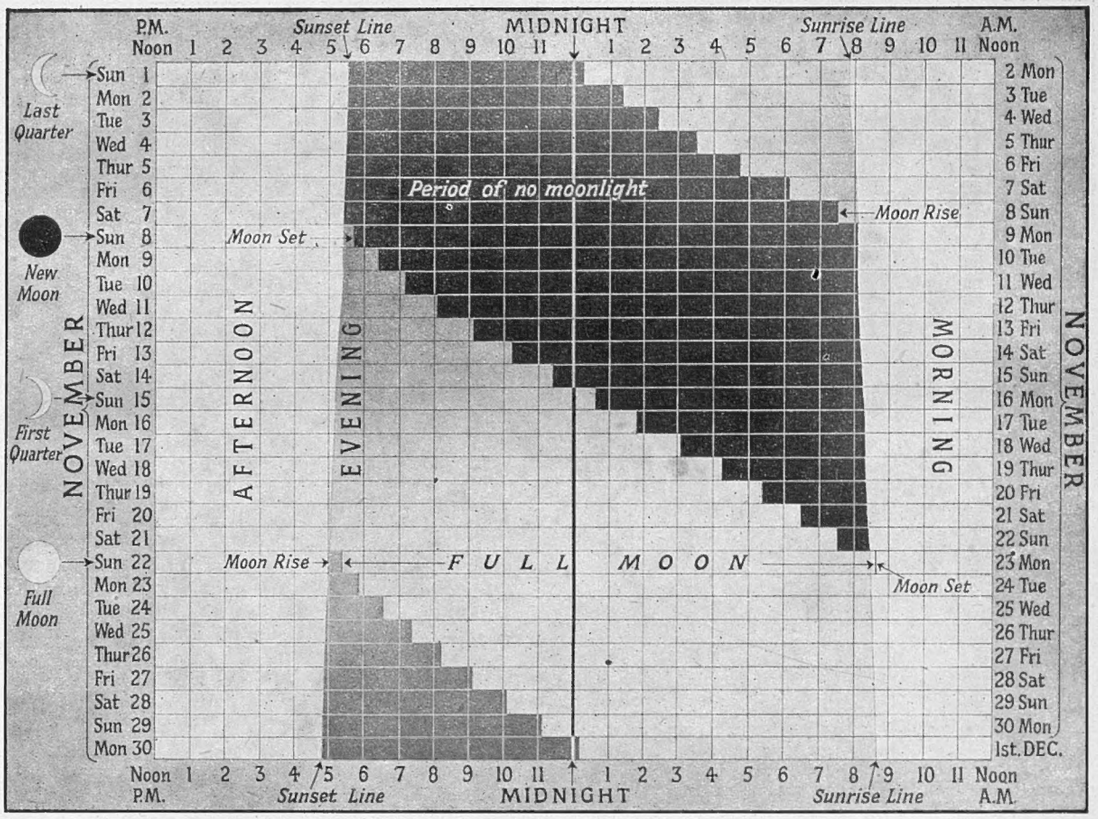
This picture was sent to Cairo from the front line in the Desert, and radioed by Cable and Wireless to London. It shows how our troops went into action as zero hour came at 10 p.m. on Friday night of last week. General Montgomery, C.-in-C. of the 8th Army, had gone up to a tent H.Q. in the desert, with Air Vice-Marshal Coningham, just before the men "went over the top." The initial stages of the offensive were carried out by the infantry—a change from the previous tactics of both sides, when tanks bore the brunt of the first shocks. Note from the above picture the equipment borne by our troops in the desert fighting

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 165

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.1.

Christian Smuts.—He had the welcome which he deserved and we expected. His address to Parliament proved an historic occasion and a fine contribution to war oratory. He put things in their right perspective, without fear or favour; and the "poor old" British Empire emerged looking all the better for the advocacy of its best friend and strongest supporter. The right perspective was needed; the Commonwealth deserved a word of praise. General Smuts' address was simple, yet profound. With the restrictions imposed upon him (restrictions of security and time), he made a number of sound points from a new angle, and made, too, a shrewd contribution to the scope of the agenda of reconstruction. But it was not the meeting nor the speech which struck me as so important as the impression which the meeting created on the public, perhaps on the nations, an impression of the sharp contrast between the dignity and decency and fellowship and breadth of a political occasion in an Allied Country, and the bombast and hate and squealing and threatening of a like occasion in an Axis country. How many must have felt, as I did, the final certainty that with us remain the essential instruments of victory, the silver shield which mud may spatter, but can never tarnish.



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR NOVEMBER

At the very beginning of the month, at a little after midnight, the last quarter of the waning moon will just be visible in the sky, after which there will be practically no moonlight till a week after the new moon on Sunday, the 8th. The first-quarter stage is reached on the night of Sunday, the 15th, after which the nights will grow lighter as the moon wexes. On the night of the 22nd-23rd the moon is at its full and there is moonlight in the sky till sunrise the following morning

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

Hess.—The trial before an international tribunal of the chief criminals (be they high placed or not) who instigated and/or carried out indefensible crimes against conquered peoples in cold blood is an article of our war aims which I put at the head of the agenda and second only to feeding the starving. We are all agreed that the fearful problem of redrawing the frontiers of Europe and Asia must be left to time and experience of a trial period, and possibly to another generation. If, however, we fail to round up, try and punish with death or other fit punishment all those arch-fiends who survive the war, we shall set the fool's-cap once more on Allied efforts and Allied sacrifices. We shall again betray the dead and the living. A majority of this nation, probably, feels as I do that the chief criminal at present in Allied hands, Hess, whose hideous record establishes an uncontrovertible claim to trial and judgment, should not be hastily put on that trial. The nature of the Court, the venue of the trials, the procedure, the question of witnesses — these problems are all of first importance and cannot quickly be resolved in the article of war. The trial of Hess now would inevitably create in the minds of the Axis a genuine and universal belief that the trial was petty revenge and a victimisation of a hostage or prisoner of war, and Hess's punishment would involve the torture and death of a thousand innocent victims in Nazi hands. Hess is safe under lock and key. He is "remanded" and, we presume, knows it. He awaits trial with his peers in murder, still "wanted for murder." He is meanwhile useful as a pawn and a hostage in a war against barbarians who know no conventions of humanity or honour. I hope that Russia may come to see the matter in that light.

A Thought for Pessimists.—As the darkest weeks of the season and the most critical weeks of a new and very anxious phase of the war draw on, there are excuses, if no justification, for doubters and pessimists to "enjoy the luxury" of self-expression. A glance at one's diary or calendar provokes the insidious discovery that in a few weeks more we shall date our letters with 1943, a fourth year of a Second World War in our maturity, announcing to men of fifty that they have given to wars for survival a sixth part of their lives and not less than a quarter of their active, constructive lives. That, as the Premier would say, is a *sombre* thought. What have we accomplished? After three and a half years of the Second World War in our time, we may confidently assert that of perhaps 10,000,000 really dangerous Nazis—the youth and cream and fire and fury of Hitler's revolution—two-fifths (or 4,000,000) are liquidated—that is, placed for ever beyond the possibility of doing further damage to civilisation. I am not one who studies or much believes in casualty claims made in the heat of battle by either side. But unquestionably there is a rule of thumb, built up on the experience of warfare through the ages, which enables statisticians, using the ever-changing conditions of modern warfare on which to base their calculations, to get very near the truth concerning the losses inflicted on their enemies. And I believe that no expert on the Allied side would put lower than 3,000,000 the losses which the Germans *to date* have suffered in killed, crippled for war, died of wounds, disease and accident and lost as prisoners, deserters and so forth. These losses are not replaceable in number or in morale in any appreciable degree by new age classes coming to maturity. It is safe to say, and comforting to believe, that three years of the Second World War have cleared off one-third of Hitler's power for evil. And it is fair to assume that the rate of wastage will not decrease, and that breaking-point will arrive not when the last 1,000,000 is liquidated, but when one-third is increased to (perhaps) 50 per cent.

Barbarity and Babel.—That this war would constantly increase in ferocity and barbarity needed no prophetic gift to forecast. The Italians, once highly civilised, are to-day rotten and inert under Fascism, and enslaved to Nazi-ism. The Germans never emerged, nationally, very far from a state of dormant barbarism as regards humanity and manners. The Nazis and the Japs have no ideals even vaguely related to those commonly espoused in Western civilisation. The Allies, therefore, are fighting savages, and can count on no conventions of war being observed by their enemies—on moral grounds, at least. On grounds of expediency, perhaps. The Nazis may observe conventions which experience proves it does not pay to disregard. That experience comes slowly. There are already once-established conventions of war which the Nazis would be glad to "contract into" once more. On balance to-day it would *pay* them to do so. Punishment of prisoners of war cannot shorten the war, or weaken the enemy. It is (coolly weighed) a diversion of effort at a time when no effort should be diverted from the supreme task. The Japs (who are childish in barbarism in some particulars) may believe that their threats to torture American airmen will deter America from bombing Japan, if and when she can. But the Nazis know better. The Allies' position is difficult. I am *not* convinced there are *not* methods by which we can answer this latest barbarism, without replying in kind; methods less hateful to a majority of our nation. We should seek such alternatives. If they don't exist, let us remember that petty reprisals on prisoners weaken the enemy's effort by a fraction, increase the weight of world-hate which the Axis is feeling heavy already, steels our resolve to reach that end which brings with it the right and duty to try, condemn and punish the guilty fiends, high and humble. No propaganda will cure Axis barbarism now. None is needed to ventilate it. Let us in God's name devote *our* propaganda machine rather to preventing Babel among the Allies—a danger more urgent and more fearful and preventable than the barbarism of our enemies. Russia and the Democracies are "speaking different languages," and the rift of opinion, due to mutual ignorance, may well lead to a wider and bitterer gulf between brothers-in-arms, who should be jointly planning a common strategy for a common cause. Here propaganda can do much and has done too little. Here Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt, it may be, could do more than they have done in personal communication with M. Stalin. The Second Front, the trial of Hess—these are more than journalistic differences of view; they are portents in a growing Babel—a Babel fraught with danger to the cause of Victory and of Peace.

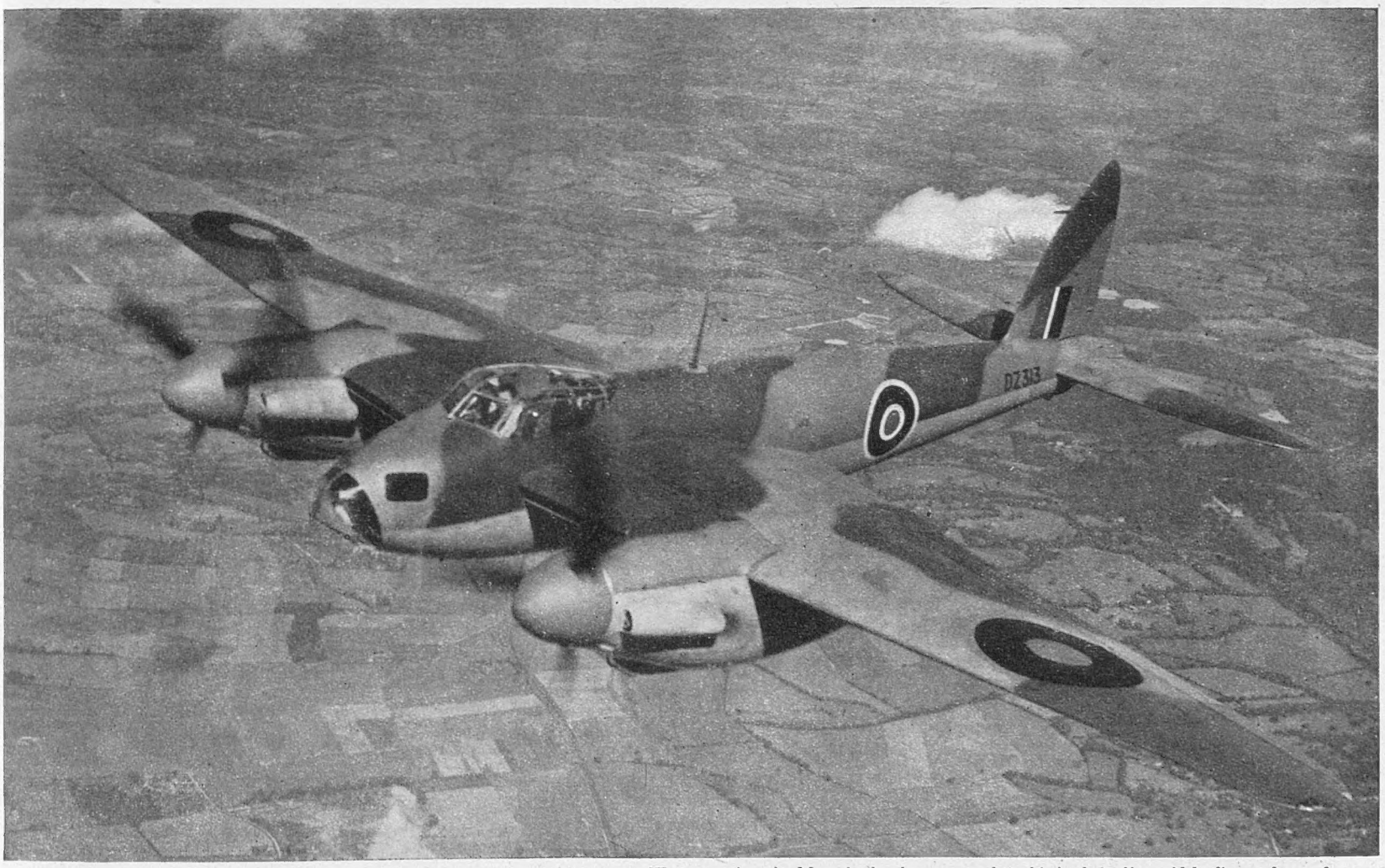
Rebuilding London.—I had "free-lance luck" the other day when I looked in at the R.A. exhibition of plans and drawings for the remaking of London "nearer to our heart's desire." For no sooner had I entered the room than Sir Charles Bressey himself rose upon an upturned soap-box and discoursed wisely, clearly and wittily for a quarter of an hour. He made some very good points. Among them: (1) "For London, the capital of Empire and Civilisation, the best is not too good." (2) "When you begin to ask yourself 'But what will it *cost*?', *don't*. Ask yourself rather: 'What will it cost if we miss the god-sent opportunity, now given us by Hitler's blitz and by a perhaps evanescent spirit of courage and greatness in our nation?'" (3) "Piecemeal reconstruction is more expensive and far less permanent. It costs £2,000,000 a mile to widen a narrow street in the City, and when you have done it, you must begin to widen it again." (4) "It is for the public *now* to grasp the whole conception of the scheme and to force it upon the authorities as a post-war necessity. This exhibition is not *finality*: it is nothing but suggestion, or rather a series of different treatments put forward tentatively; and it is 'agin no body.' It is not set up in opposition to the L.C.C. or the Government or any other authority. It is simply a series of ideas thrown out for public consideration." And, as such, it is immensely interesting, heartening and valuable. With the railings down in the London parks and squares, and the blank spaces now available for lungs, piazzas and vistas round and near our main architectural gems, I can almost visualise my children enjoying a London like that old Whitehall Palace congeries of buildings and orchards, a London having some of the grace of Venice, the grandeur of Rome and the gay order of Paris. A London newly tuned to the time of the singing of birds.

THE OLD STAGER

THE BOMBERS OF MILAN

Some of the Men Who Took Part in the Most Amazing Daylight Attack of the War

After hitting hard at Genoa, Savona and Turin on Thursday and Friday nights of last week, the R.A.F. on Saturday afternoon carried out a daylight raid on Milan, which was undoubtedly the most amazing yet undertaken in the present war. One hundred Lancasters flew out (accompanied by fighters only on the first stage of their journey), bombed the important industrial centre from below balloon-barrage height, and then returned, with the loss of only three aircraft—and this after a round trip of some 1,500 miles, mostly across hostile country! Over the target, the Lancasters unloaded a great number of incendiaries, as well as 4,000-lb. and 1,000-lb. bombs. Pilots have brought back a number of amusing stories of their experiences. The German radio has gone so far, in connection with its reports of this raid, to describe how their Axis partners "panicked" as the Lancasters roared down to the attack!



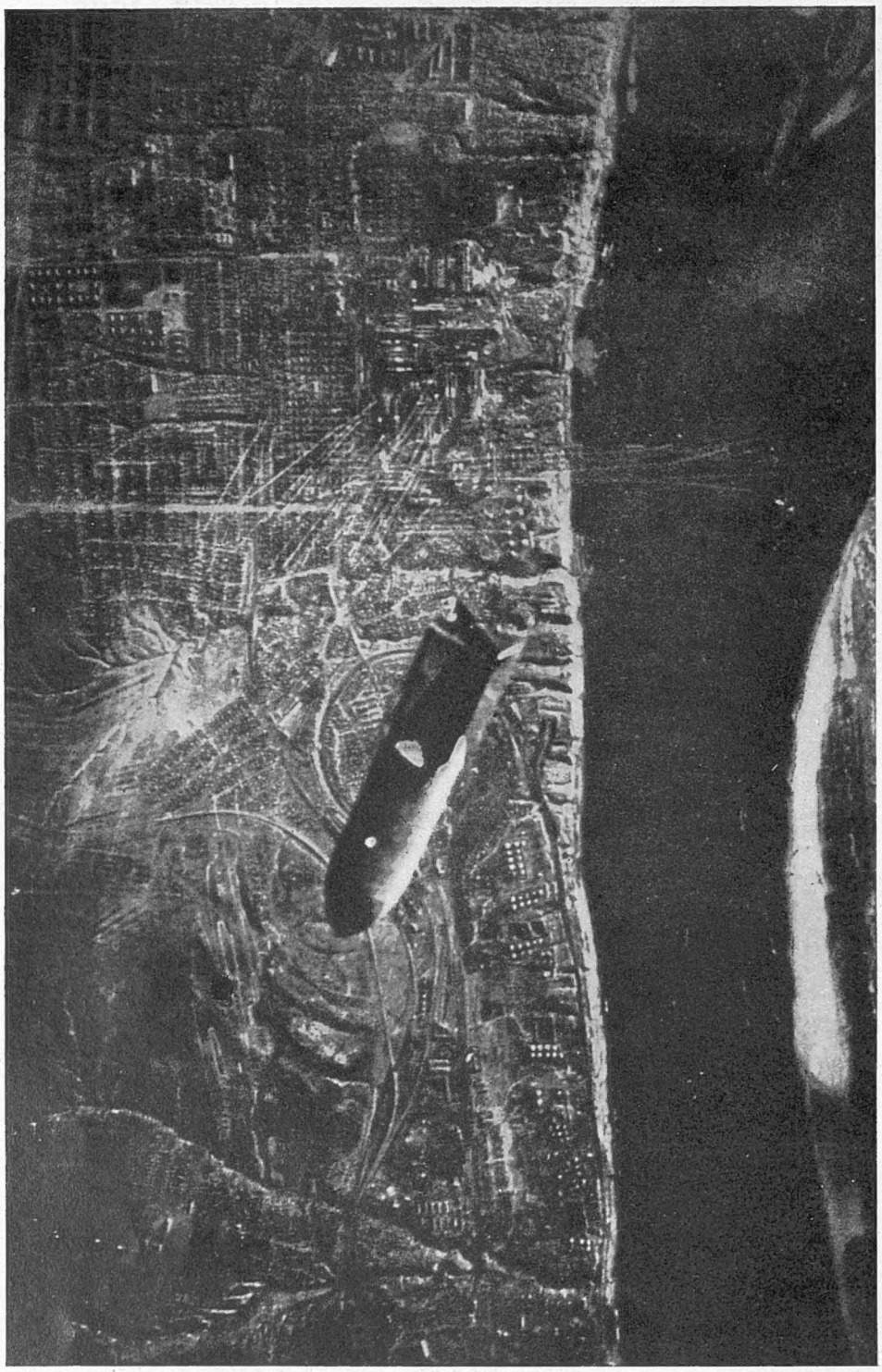
BRITAIN'S NEW TWIN-ENGINED AIRCRAFT

The Mosquito Pictured for the First Time

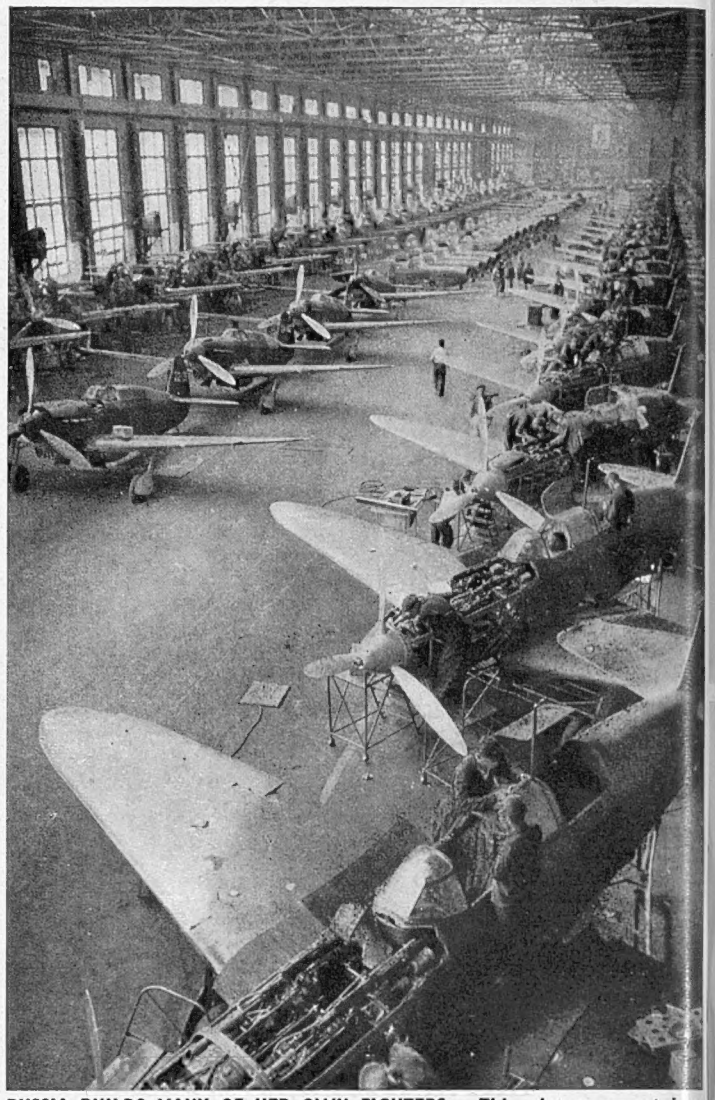
—A British Official Photograph

For some time the Mosquito has been engaged on operational work with the R.A.F., but details of this new twin-engined reconnaissance bomber have only just been made public. The new aircraft is the first operational type to be developed by the de Havilland Design Office Staff since the war of 1914-18. It has two Rolls-Royce engines, and it is of simple wooden construction: this lends itself to widely dispersed manufacture. The dimensions of the Mosquito are: span, 54 ft. 2 ins.; length overall, 40 ft. 9½ ins.; height, 15 ft. 3 ins. Both the undercarriage and tail wheel units are retractable: the aircraft has the de Havilland three-bladed hydromatic type propeller. The offensive armament may consist of four 20-mm. cannon and four ·303 machine-guns

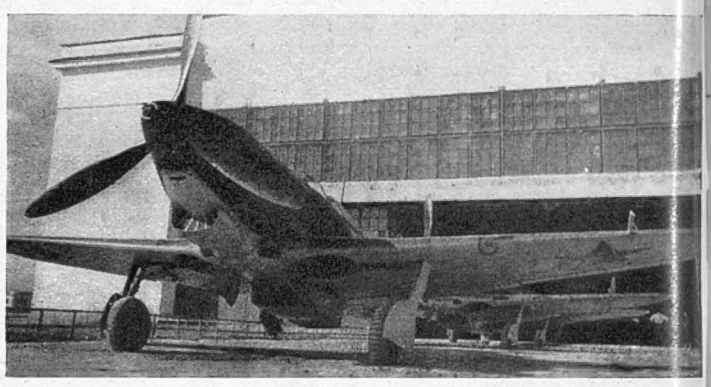
PICTURES FROM THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-FRONT



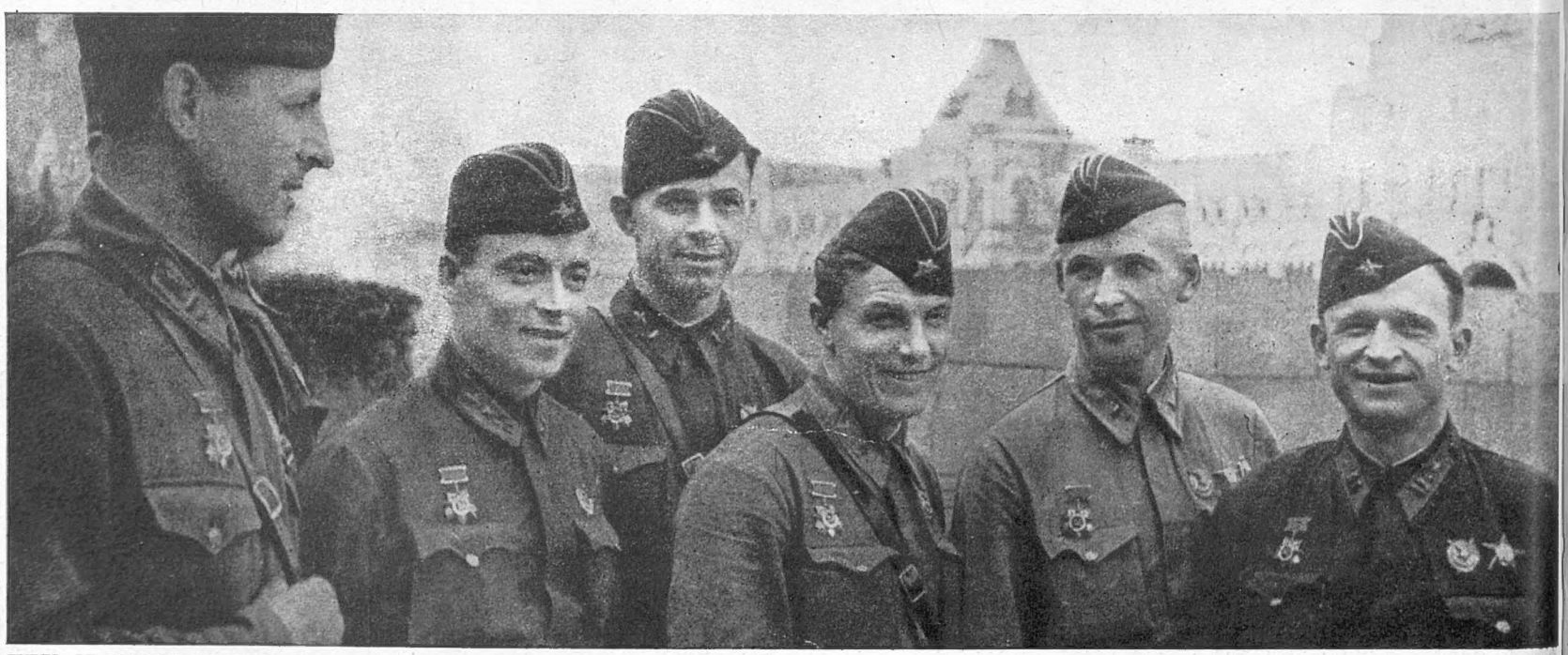
STALINGRAD AS THE GERMAN BOMBERS SEE IT: The tight-packed city, with its big industrial buildings, has been bombed without pause: in one day alone as many as 1,800 sorties have been made against it. In this picture the broad Volga River is seen on the right



RUSSIA BUILDS MANY OF HER OWN FIGHTERS: This picture was taken in a State factory where Yak fighter aircraft are assembled. American engines are largely used by the Russians



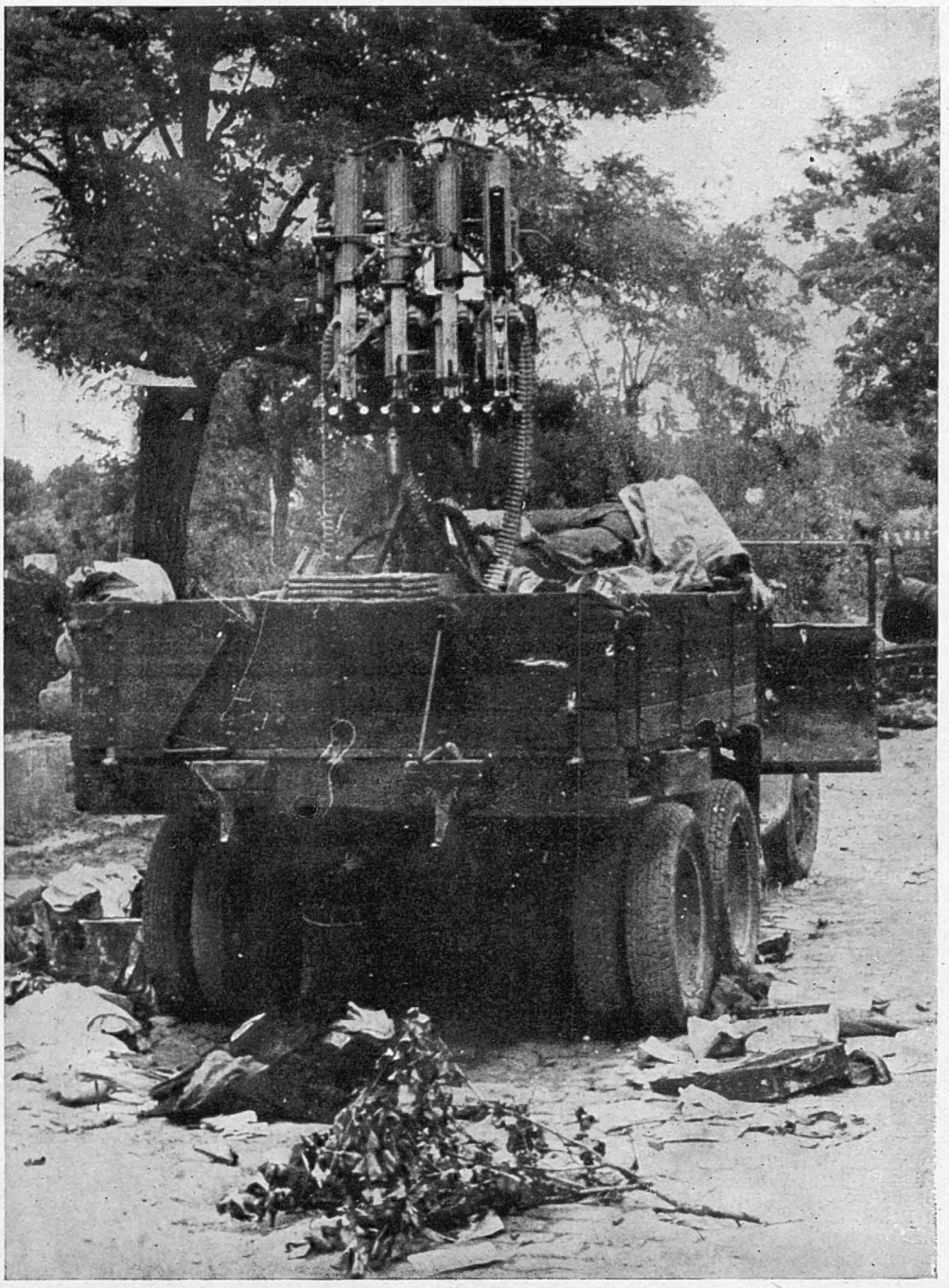
A YAK FIGHTER LEAVES THE ASSEMBLY-SHOP. It resembles somewhat our own Hurricane, and it has been largely used on all fronts by the powerful Russian Air Force



TYPES OF RUSSIAN MILITARY PILOTS, all of whom were recently decorated in Moscow: These men are all wearing the Order of Patriotic War (First Degree), just after they had been handed the insignia at a parade on the Red Square. The skill and determination of Russian fighters and bombers alike came as a great shock to the "Luftwaffe": in some regions the Russians were able to gain an absolute superiority in the air over the Germans

THE CREW OF AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE-GUN in action against German bombing planes. The number of enemy aircraft shot down on the Russian front now stands at a colossal figure

A SOVIET MUNITION-FACTORY: Women controllers examining shells in a large armament-works. Some of these have continued to operate even under hostile shell-fire



A RUSSIAN IMPROVISATION AGAINST THE GERMAN STUKA: This multi-anti-aircraft gun was mounted on a lorry, to stop dive-bombers from attacking Russian columns. Especially around Stalingrad, the Stukas have been making non-stop assaults on the defenders' positions

A RED ARMY TANK GOES OUT TO THE ASSAULT: The Russian tactics to the north-west of the city of Stalingrad have been to send in heavy tanks to batter away at the German positions: when a breach has been made the infantry (brought up by tank, and also on foot close behind) then follow up with close-assault tactics. As many as thirty men at a time are actually carried on each of the big Russian tanks

OUTSTANDING FIGURES OF TWO WORLD WARS

The Great Leaders of the Past, and How Fate has Dealt With Them in the Years Between

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE commanding appearance of General Smuts (give him the designation he prefers) in the centre of the stage of the second and—let us hope—last World War of the twentieth century provides an opportunity to note that three other outstanding figures of 1914-18 survived to play leading roles in the upheaval of 1939-42. In the same top category as Smuts must be put the names of Winston Churchill, Marshal Pétain and General Weygand. These are the major survivors who rejoined the active list in decisive manner, although a number of others who were predominant a generation ago are still so.

There is nothing to change in the following, taken from a chapter written in 1928 when Britain was emphatically not in favour of Mr. Churchill:

"I have long thought that Winston got what our American friends would call 'the rawest deal' in all the War. By going to Antwerp, he contributed to saving the Belgian Army. He has been largely exculpated, by official documents, over the Dardanelles. When he had to go, he went bang into the trenches—forbearing to use his pull at Montreuil like other eminent politicians did. And when he was recalled by Mr. Lloyd George, he developed the convoy system (having long previously pressed for the tanks, a voice in the wilderness), and all the time he did not cease writing memoranda on the various campaigns which he is perfectly able to publish to-day, so sensible and right do they read. And then, to top things off, he did wonders in munitions—as he is doing to-day as historian, the greatest by far. From the day Winston sent the Navy 'all ready' to sea, to the day he wrote his last memorandum at the Hotel Victoria, Mr. Churchill was a great war figure, if half the time off-stage. That he did not tower higher was because so few would listen to him."

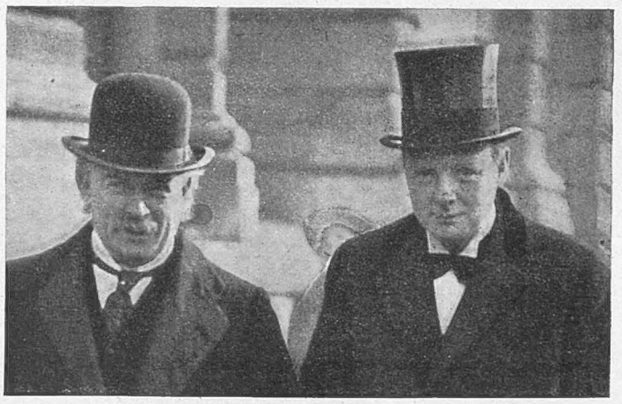
The French used to be against the creation of Marshals, saying the rank had brought them bad luck ever since Napoleon created two or three dozen. Pétain is the last survivor of the seven Marshals created as a result of the war of 1914-18, and he has assuredly brought worse luck to France than even a Bazaine. So far as his rating by posterity goes, Pétain had better far have faded out as "the General who defended Verdun." Not that he did that even, Castlenau and Nivelle having done more; still, the crowd does not read post-war facts, and Pétain might have trodden the Elysian Fields as the Victor of Verdun if the envious and ambitious soldier-politician had not come to the surface. So to-day there he is, with Vichy attached to his name instead, having placed class before country—before France, of all countries. But then, Pétain was so removed from reality in his obstinate, cunning, deaf senility as to want to bring back France of pre-1789!

General Weygand was a leading figure in France down to 1935, when the "austere, proud, ascetic cavalryman of Saumur" was retired much against his will to make way for Gamelin. There seems to be no doubt that Weygand was a first-class lieutenant to a great commander, and that that is all he ever was. Foch owed nothing to Weygand in his ardent, Catholic conservatism, but would Foch have handed over France to "the eternal enemy" in preference to risking a class outbreak among the French people (there was no risk, but no matter)? One hopes it is not speaking out of turn, for the dead, to claim that Foch would have trusted his French to the end.

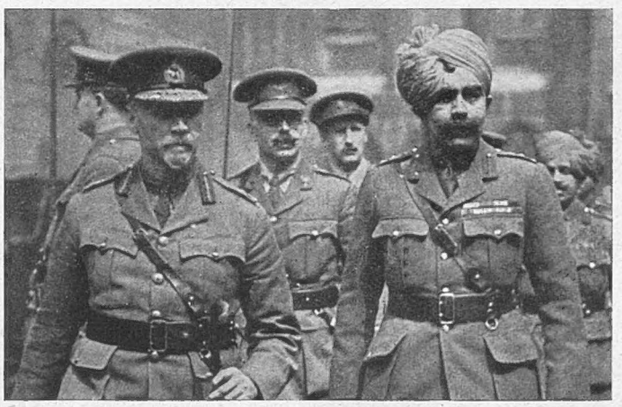
Nevertheless, that Weygand has turned from the Britain he once admired will not blind us to the fact that he still has worth and loyalties of value. He does not trust the Germans an inch in North Africa, and he remains well disposed towards the United States—a factor which may have its importance as the Americans become increasingly involved in the great African theatre. The old cavalryman of seventy-six may be writing his memoirs under discreet guard at Antibes, but for all that he is still in the stirrups. When called on, he speaks his mind to Vichy about not budging a millimetre from the armistice terms; and a considerable portion of the French armed forces and colonies continues to respect his views.

A great thing about General Smuts is that he is as reliable in peace as in war-making. If to-day he "massively leads" South Africa, "even to outwitting the by no means small pro-Nazi party"; if at the same time the peoples of the United Nations have confidence in the strategy he recommends, note also that it was Smuts who first got Woodrow Wilson enthusiastic over the idea of the League of Nations and that the General may still have it in him to be at the root of the international Union of to-morrow, fruit of past mistakes.

It is a matter of opinion whether to the above major survivors of the last war should be added the names of Gandhi and De Valera. Each is an emphatic character in this upheaval and each was far from unknown in the last. But was each internationally known in those years? I first heard of Gandhi when passing through India in late 1917. He was then developing Swaraj, but to the best of my recollection it was not until after the war—about 1920—that he burst upon the world. Eamonn De Valera became well known in Britain and America as one of the leaders of the 1916 Rebellion, but after that Lincoln Gaol closed about him, until the gay episode of the smuggled clothes, said to have been a woman's.



1915: Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill in October 1915: the former had just relinquished office as Chancellor of the Exchequer (which he had held since 1908) to take over the newly created Ministry of Munitions; the latter (at the age of forty-one) had just become Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster after having been First Lord of the Admiralty since 1911



1917: General Smuts and the Maharajah of Bikaner: The former came to Britain in 1917 as South African Representative to the Imperial War Cabinet in London. Later, with General Botha, he was South Africa's Plenipotentiary to the Peace Conference in Paris. The Maharajah of Bikaner was also a Representative at the Imperial War Conference and at the Peace Conference: he, too, was a very great figure during the last war

The truth is that after the outstanding quartet above mentioned, we come to a lesser plane, upon which such figures of the two World Wars as Benes, Horthy and Ismet can be cited along with Gandhi and De Valera. Edward Benes ran the underground war in the then Bohemia on behalf of his chief, Masaryk, established in London, and by every token the same Benes will return in triumph as the next President of a liberated Czechoslovakia, after this time directing the underground war from London! Admiral Horthy was not made Hungarian Regent for nothing in 1920. His naval successes in the Adriatic had made him the war hero of the vanquished Magyars. For two decades Horthy cut a Central European figure, his great day being that ride on the white horse into a scrap of territory made over in 1938 by the unfortunate Czechs. But now the old equestrian Admiral feels very sorry for himself, having realised the horror of Hitler, Himmler and Co. on his back.

Ismet was Kemal's favourite lieutenant, who lived to succeed his chief as second Turkish President.

Then there was Trotsky, who, until he was murdered last year in Mexico, still trod the stage he first mounted so deliriously at the Smolny in 1917. For the first two years of this war Trotsky worked like a beaver at his Fourth International, aimed at world revolution in opposition to Stalin's conception of a strong and successful U.S.S.R. acting as a magnet for other peoples.

That "super" figure of the last war, Mr. Lloyd George, has played no real part in this Greater War, and many say more 's the pity. Going on for eighty, but still quite all there, thank you, and hale and hearty to boot, "L.G." has not been consulted even on agriculture. Considering that some of our war politicians are somnolent without being elderly, it is hard to believe that this former splendid war leader had nothing to offer from all his experience, constructive passion and drive. In something of the same category may be listed "Australia's (last) wartime Premier," W. M. Hughes, though this little "cannibal," who so delighted Clemenceau at the Peace Conference, occupies a post in the Government, enabling him periodically to emit familiar calls.

Decidedly this game grows on one. Three-quarters way through my space, and not even passing mention made of Lords Trenchard and Beaverbrook, and Sir Roger Keyes. Major-General Sir Hugh Trenchard was the first Commander-in-Chief of the Air, and in this successor war his incisive performances in print, in the Lords and on public platforms have kept him well to the fore in his own country, at any rate. Trenchard stands for an undivided Air Force and for bombing Germany. We shall see. A generation ago Sir Max Aitken was credited with making and unmaking Ministers as a side-dish from being first Minister of Information. We all know how he has ricochetted in and out of this war. Sir Roger Keyes has had the tribute paid to him that "he had more of Nelson in him than any other sailor of his generation." At sixty-nine he laid down his direction of the Commandos, though his part in this war may more readily be associated with what he wanted to do at Trondhjem in April 1940.

In America are five surviving top-liners, but not one is prominently active in World War II. Pershing, Ford, Gerard, Baruch and Hoover. "Black Jack" is very fragile; aged Henry runs his mammoth business in emeritus style; former Ambassador Gerard still hits out at Germans from lecture platforms; handsome Barney has the ear of the President on financial matters; and Hoover wants to feed Europe regardless of how that would help Hitler.

In Scandinavia and Holland none has come through prominently from war to war save the four Sovereigns, two of whom, Queen Wilhelmina and King Haakon, have much gained in stature, with a third likely to follow them in King Christian.

Air Marshal "Billy" Bishop, V.C., seems to be the Canadian who has cut most ice in both wars.

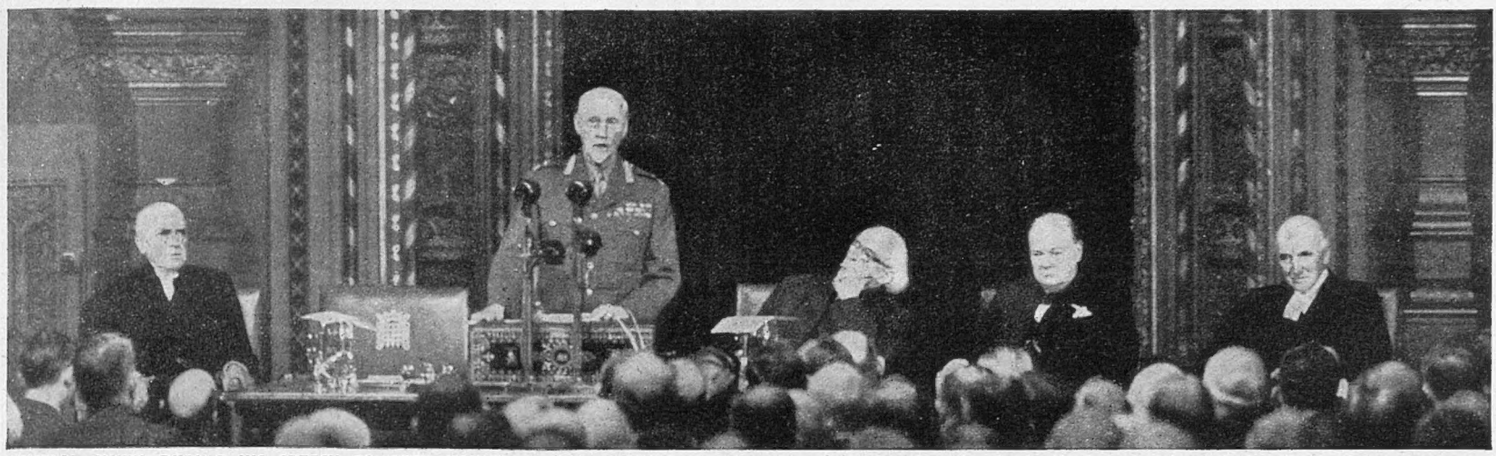
Göring was slightly known as the leader of the Richthofen Squadron in 1918. Otherwise no German figure has penetrated from the last defeat into the forthcoming one, although the once fantastically prominent Kaiser lived nearly two years of this war, and "Little Willie," Rupprecht and Von Mackensen are still alive, though playing no part. The first runs his Silesian estate; the second is yet honoured by Bavarians and could be a resuscitated King; the third objects to being aided into the limelight by the Nazis. Mackensen, who went through 1914-18 undefeated, thanks in goodly measure to Von Seeckt as Chief of Staff, may well be the last surviving officer of the war of 1870.

No Russian prominent in this war played any comparable role in its predecessor. In fact, the only Russian prominent in those days who is even still alive may be the ineffectual Kerensky, who, I believe, got away from Paris to the New World, via Lisbon. Kerensky was not even a good Paris journalist.

Italians? Musso was a young firebrand editor starting his tricks, in 1918. Badoglio was a successful Army Chief of Staff. Victor-Emmanuel was a middle-aged numismatist and is now an aging one.

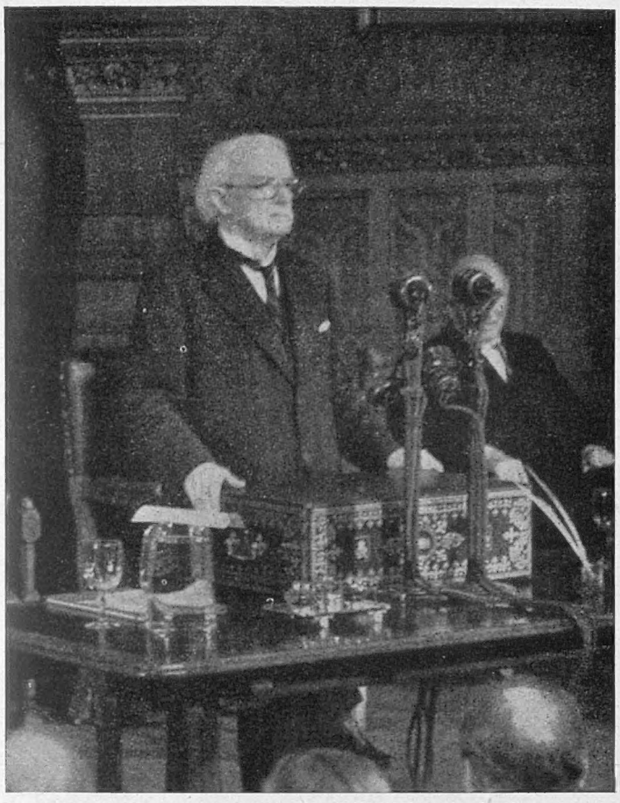
Austrians? Only the ex-Empress Zita, now in American oblivion, played a role in the last war, which she sought to turn into a draw, in 1917, using her two brothers in the Belgian and French Armies.

Frenchmen? Four survive in addition to Pétain and Weygand. Tardieu is paralysed. Caillaux, the one-time "Homme du Kaiser," is in octogenarian eclipse in the German-occupied Sarthe. Former President Millerand must be worse off than ever, trying to earn a living as an aged Versailles barrister. One-armed, bearded General Gourard, who has faded right out, alone retains his panache.

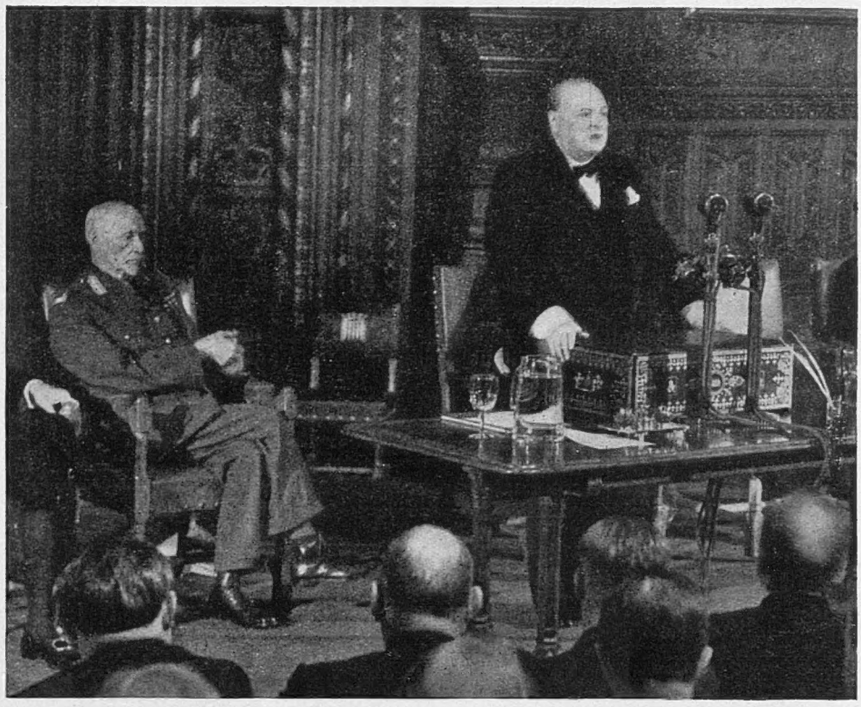


GENERAL SMUTS DURING HIS SPEECH TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: On the extreme left is Captain E. A. FitzRoy, Speaker of the House of Commons; on General Smuts' left are Mr. David Lloyd George (chairman), Mr. Winston Churchill, and Viscount Simon, the Lord Chancellor

GENERAL SMUTS SPEAKS TO THE LORDS AND COMMONS

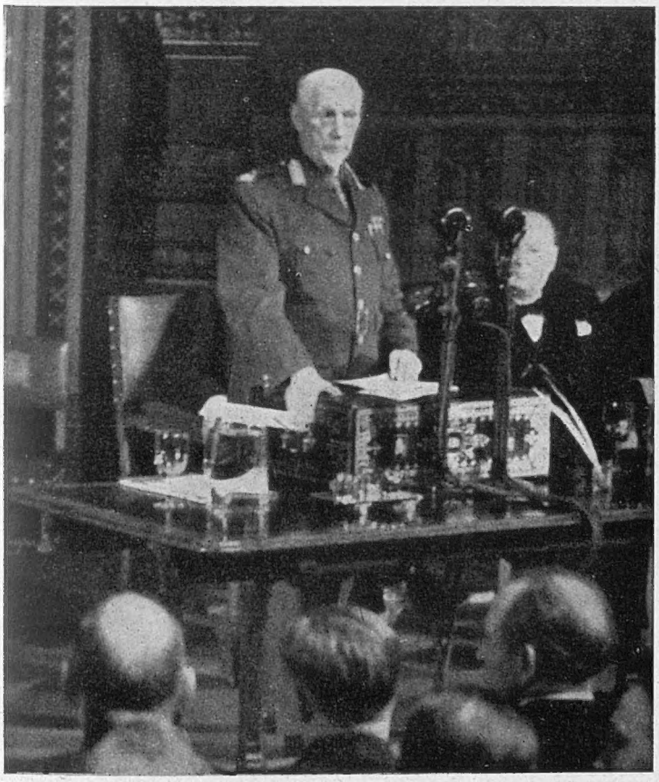


MR. LLOYD GEORGE, WHO ACTED AS CHAIRMAN and who introduced the distinguished South African statesman to both Houses

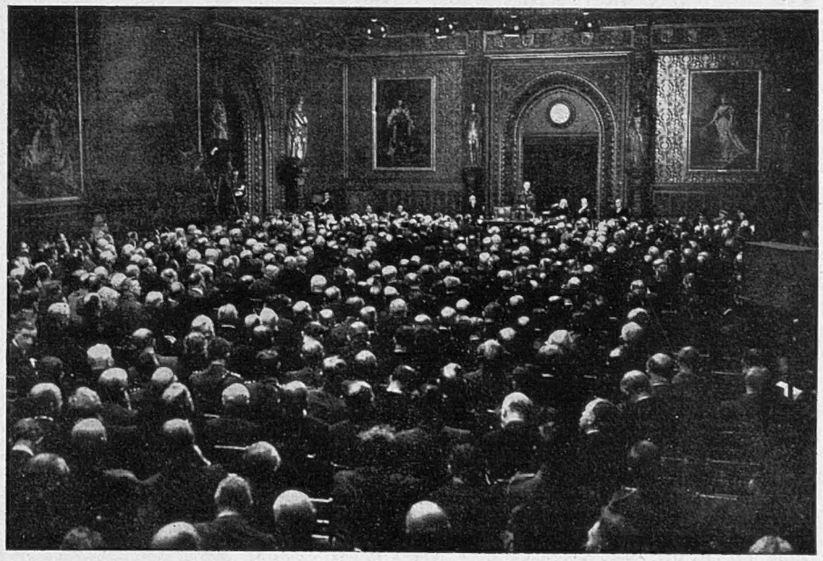


MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL RISES TO EXPRESS THE THANKS OF THE ASSEMBLY at the conclusion of General Smuts' inspiring oration to the Lords and Commons

To every corner of the globe General Smuts' fine analysis of the war situation has now penetrated through the medium of the Press and radio. The South African statesman, paying his first visit to this country for ten years, spoke for an hour to an Assembly which comprised members of both Houses of Parliament. He delivered an oration which closely analysed the events of the past three years and assessed Allied chances for the future. The event was unique in British annals: the setting was a spacious, stately and beautiful chamber whose walls were adorned with paintings of great moments in Britain's history. Mr. David Lloyd George ("my old leader," as General Smuts termed him) was the chairman: on the platform were three other figures—Mr. Winston Churchill, the Speaker of the Commons, and the Lord Chancellor. The pictures we reproduce on this page will give readers an impression of a great and historic occasion



GENERAL SMUTS WAS IN KHAKI: He spoke from a red dais. The inlaid despatch-box came from one of the Houses of Parliament



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MEMBERS OF BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, in the spacious and beautiful chamber in which the Assembly met for the unique occasion

THE SCENE AT PADDINGTON STATION AS THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE ARRIVED : The Queen, having greeted Mrs. Roosevelt, talks to Mr. J. G. Winant, U.S. Ambassador ; whilst the distinguished visitor turns to greet General Eisenhower, the U.S. Commander in Europe (on left)

MRS. ROOSEVELT ARRIVES IN LONDON

HOW MRS. ROOSEVELT ARRIVED IN BRITAIN by air on the afternoon of Friday, October 23, after having flown the Atlantic. The book under her arm is "Abraham Lincoln and the Fifth Column," by George Fort Milton, which is being widely read in the United States just now

Mrs. Roosevelt arrived in this country by air, after having flown the Atlantic. Waiting to greet her at Paddington were the King and Queen and a very distinguished company of American officers and diplomats. During her first week, the President's wife was a guest of their Majesties at Buckingham Palace : later she may make a continuous tour lasting for a week or ten days. The Queen may accompany her on some of her official visits, it has been stated

MRS. ROOSEVELT POSES WITH THE KING AND QUEEN ON HER ARRIVAL IN LONDON. The King was in R.A.F. uniform and the Queen was in mourning for the Duke of Kent

NAVAL SURGEONS AT SEA

How They Care for the Wounded During Action

Described by GEORGE A. KENT

THERE is another "thin red line" that Kipling might have versified, if his thoughts had run more in the direction of the Navy, instead of the Army. It is the thin red line on the gold-braided cuff that marks the naval surgeon, be he the humble Surgeon-Lieutenant just entered, or the exalted Surgeon Vice-Admiral. And whatever their rank, they are the inheritors of a tradition of resourcefulness, toughness, and ability that dates beyond the days of Trafalgar, all qualities on which the nature of modern war makes bigger demands than ever.

The length of time spent at sea compels even the smallest warship to endeavour to be as self-reliant as possible in the treatment of its sick and wounded. In one case recently, a rating aboard a destroyer developed appendicitis while his ship was escorting an Atlantic convoy. To make matters worse, a gale was rising, but the operation was performed successfully. The captain gave up his cabin as the theatre and his bed-linen to make operating gowns, the Navigating Officer applied the anæsthetic, the Chief Engineer handled the swabs and sterilising bowls. After 90 minutes' work the operation was completed, and before the destroyer had finished her ten-day spell of duty the patient was able to take a brief stroll round the deck again.

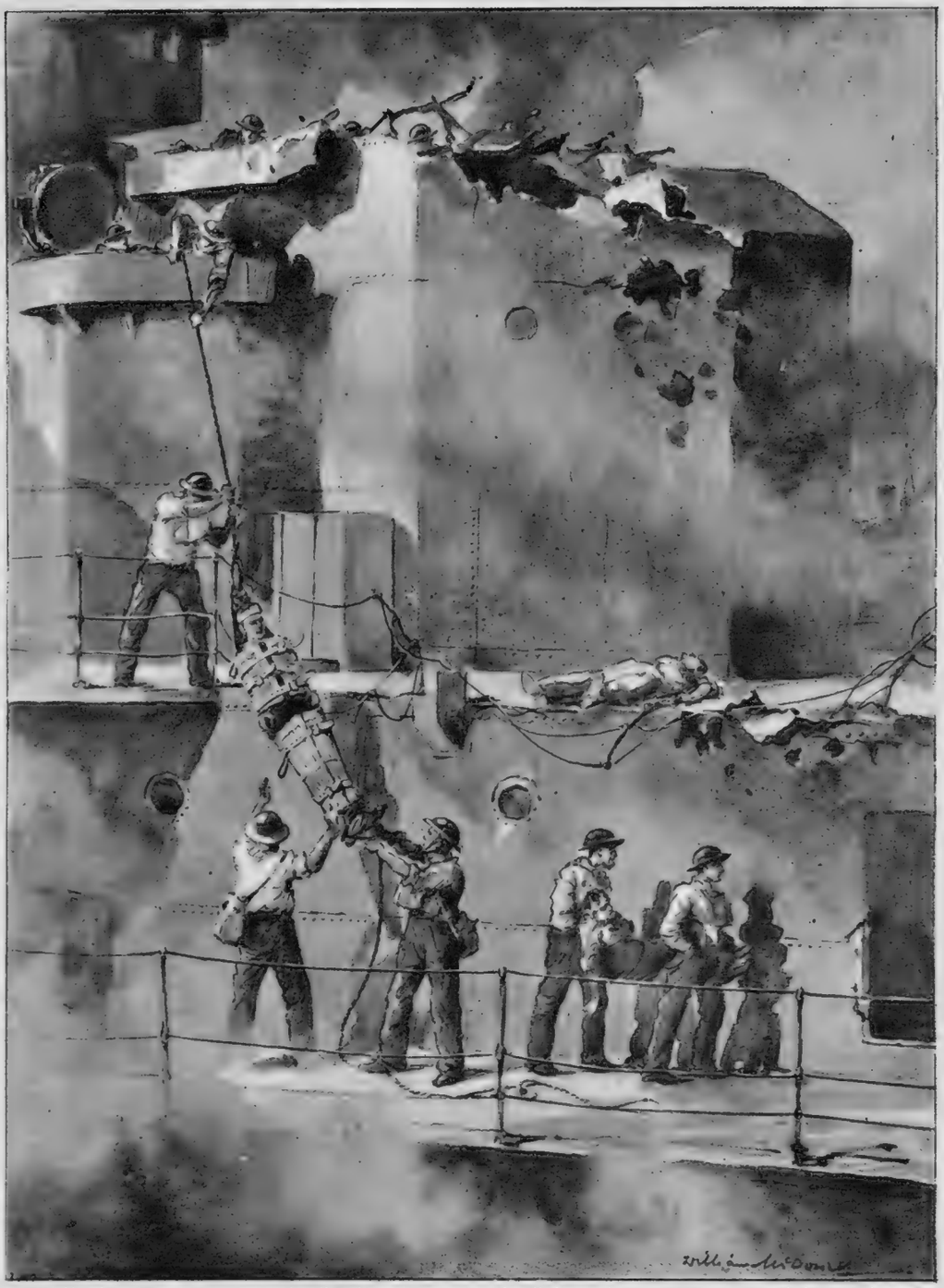
It is, of course, battle casualties that make the heaviest demands on the skill and endurance of the naval surgeon. Among destroyers, only the flotilla leader has a medical officer as a rule. In the rest of the formation, the S.B.A. (sick bay attendant) deputises for him. If necessary, symptoms are wirelessed to the leader, and a diagnosis and prescription are returned by the same means. After an action, it is by no means unusual for casualties to be transferred to one ship, usually the largest of the fleet, which may then make for port while the others carry on. This was done with the cruiser *Scylla*, it will be remembered, after the recent Murmansk convoy action. The *Scylla* would probably have two M.O.s and a much more commodious sick-bay than her smaller consorts.

Two frequent injuries at sea are scalds and burns. A shell in the engine-room releasing steam at a pressure of several hundred pounds inflicts ghastly scalds. Similarly with hits on magazines, or cordite fires, serious burns are common, while the work of rescue from the bowels of the ship will almost certainly be complicated by mangled steel, shot-away ladders and buckled plates.

The indispensable tool of the rescue party in such cases is the "Robertson stretcher"—a kind of combination strait-jacket and stretcher in which a casualty can be comfortably but firmly lashed. He can then be hauled up vertically, or passed from hand to hand along restricted alleys, without risk of further injury. Even a hole about a foot square is big enough to permit the passage of the stretcher.

Even so, however, the number of men in a ship's stretcher-parties is necessarily limited, and when casualties may be falling thick and fast in an action, much has to depend on the common sense of the men themselves. There have been countless cases in which severely wounded men have owed their lives to the fact that their comrades have been able to apply a tourniquet, deftly fashioned from a handkerchief or strip of clothing, before turning again to man the guns. As a matter of fact, far more men than those officially attached to the first-aid parties actually have a sound knowledge of first-aid work: a good three-badge seaman, for example—a veteran possibly of the last war as well as this—is not the man to lose his head in the accidents of battle. He is quite capable of administering a sedative or applying a pressure-pad to a severed artery in the absence of those whose normal job it is. Naturally, the medical equipment of capital ships is on a fairly lavish scale. A battleship such as the *Rodney*, for example, has a complement of over 1,300 men, among whom, even in peace-time, a certain amount of sickness and accident will be inevitable. Her sick bays will be capable of accommodating the casualties likely to arise from her own crew, plus the more serious cases from her smaller consorts. She will have probably three, and possibly more, surgeons and two well-equipped operating theatres. Even so, however, it is impossible to cater for every emergency.

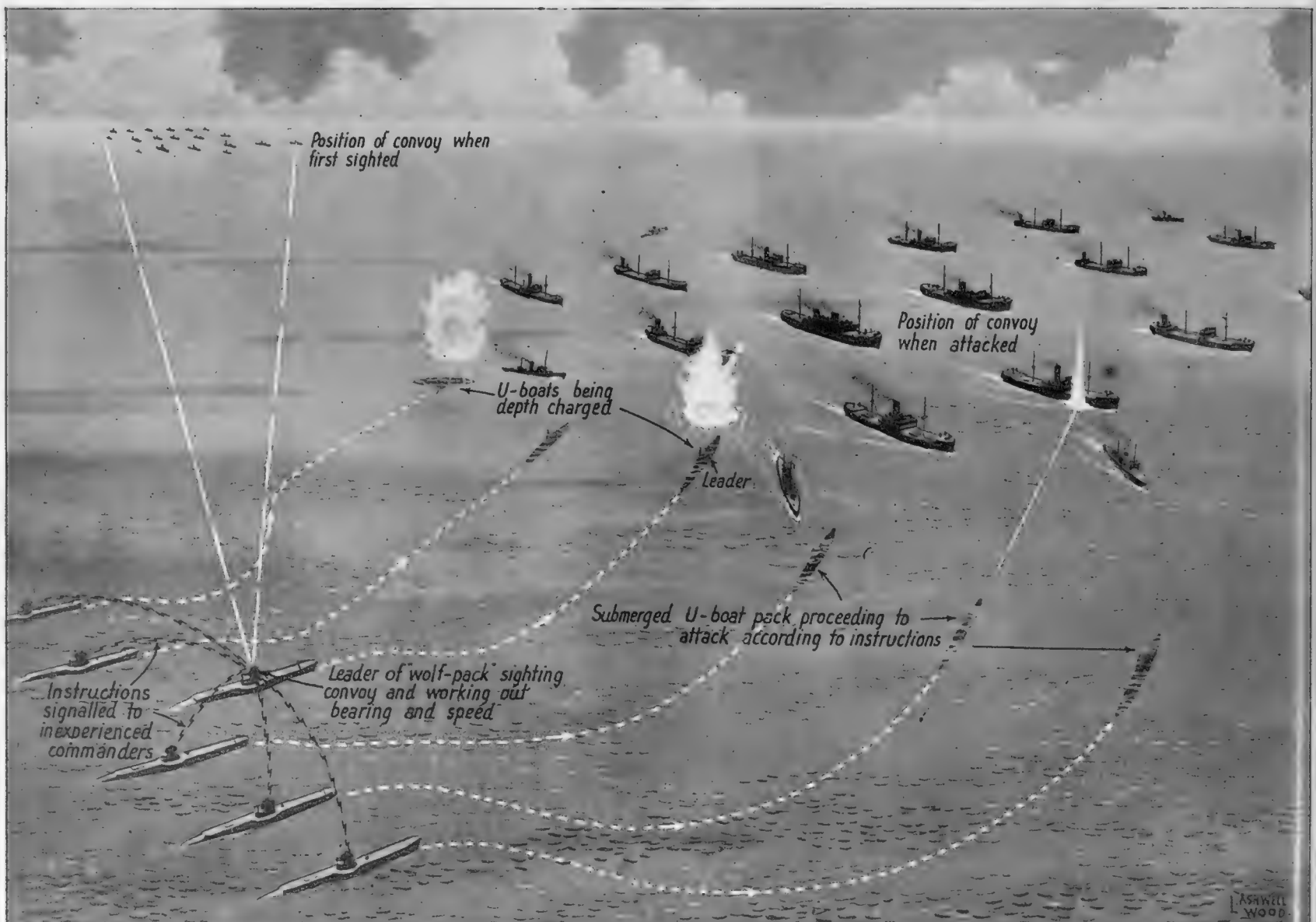
The *Rodney's* surgeons, for example, were recently called on to operate upon a rating from a destroyer who had received serious facial injuries in battle. A special instrument was required for the operation. The medical officer sketched what was required and explained it to the *Rodney's* engine-room artificers. Within 45 minutes, the engineers had forged the device from a steel rod, the coppersmiths had tinned it and polished it so that it could be sterilised, and the surgeon had approved it and was performing the operation, which could have been performed without it, but a disfiguring scar would have been left on the man's face. The making of the special tool enabled the incision to be made through the scalp where the scar would be covered by the hair. It is a tribute to the Navy's consideration for its personnel that no one thought the time and care expended in any way out of the ordinary.



FIRST-AID IN THE NAVY: How the "Neil Robertson stretcher" is used to convey a wounded man from an exposed danger zone down to the sick bay—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Though first-aid methods are, in general, the same afloat as ashore, the manner of handling and carrying the wounded on board ship is very different, chiefly on account of the restricted spaces, ladders, companions, etc. During the last war it was found that no apparatus was, as a rule, so useful as simple "man-handling" of the wounded. The drawing above shows wounded being collected by the first-aid party of a destroyer during a lull in an action. The upper bridge has been damaged by shell-fire, and a wounded man is being sent down in the "Neil Robertson stretcher." This was specially devised to provide a simple apparatus for moving the wounded safely from difficult places where the ordinary stretcher would be useless. The patient is wrapped up like a mummy so that he can be hoisted vertically or carried horizontally. On the right, a slightly wounded man is being carried by the "fore-and-aft carry." In large ships, a special lift takes the wounded down from the upper deck to the hospital

ON BOARD A BIG BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIP: A general view of one of the wards on the "Amarapoora," to which vessel serious cases are transferred wherever practicable



THE NEW "WOLF-PACK TACTICS" IN THE ATLANTIC BATTLE: Germany is now employing "good" U-boat commanders as "leaders" of the packs; they bring the "inferior" captains up to their proper position and then tell them what to do—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

With Mr. Alexander's recent statement that, since the beginning of the war, no fewer than 530 U-boats have been sunk or hit, it becomes obvious that Germany has suffered very, very grievous losses. It was to counteract these, in fact, that the greatly-publicised "wolf-pack tactics" were introduced in the German submarine service: the secret behind this change-over is the shortage of skilled U-boat commanders. Great skill in navigation is required to bring a submarine into position for an attack: this is being achieved (or so it is hoped) by one highly-trained commander who works out the courses, etc., for his satellites to follow. Five or six U-boats, sailing in company, usually make up the "pack," their attack being developed at night. As long ago as 1940, Berlin mentioned the new tactics in their naval broadcasts. For our part, these tactics mean that the enemy's submarines are brought closer together for an easier "kill" by corvettes or submarines!

A REVIEW of the U-BOAT WAR

And the Tactics of the German "Wolf-Packs" in the Under-water Battle of the Atlantic

By DOUGLAS GLEN

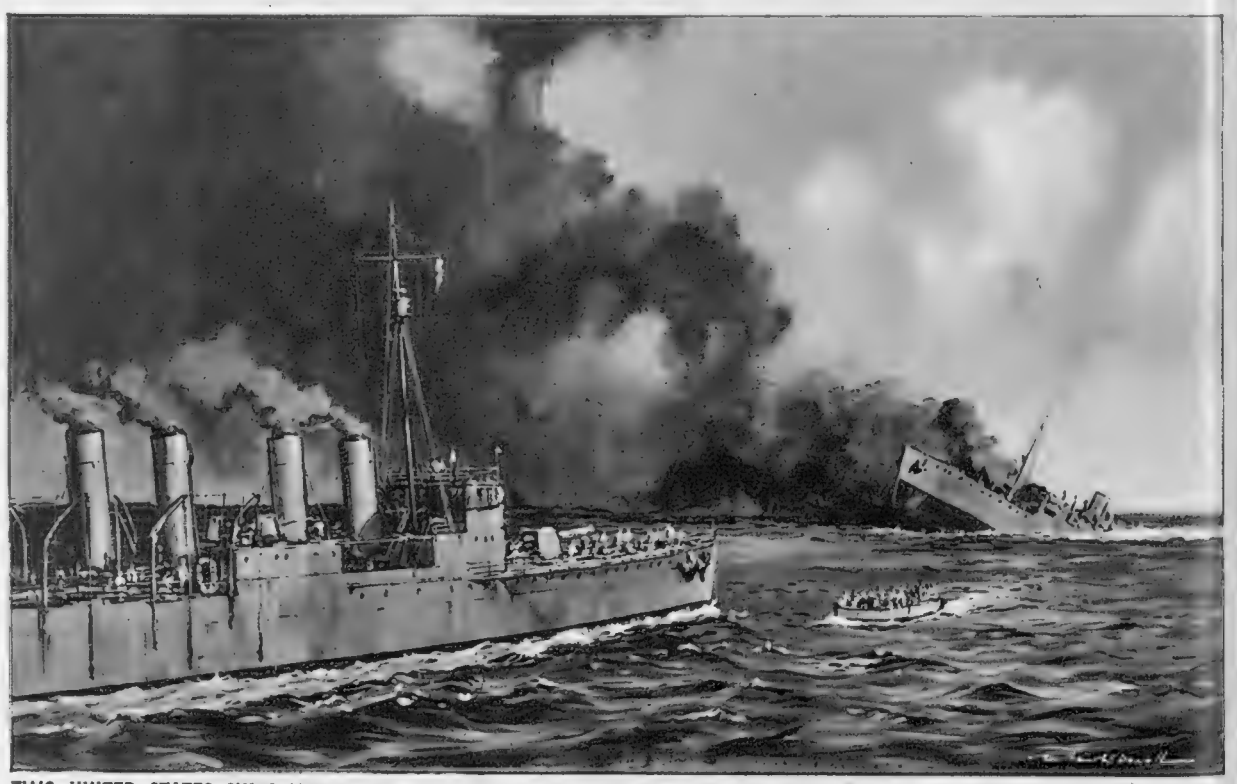
IN 1917, when sinkings brought us perilously near defeat, it was the convoy system that saved us. At the outbreak of the present war Germany possessed seventy submarines, and again, but for the convoys, our sea-borne supplies could not have been maintained. Now, after more than three years of submarine warfare, convoy remains our most effective countermeasure.

But shipping is still our gravest problem. A long chain of circumstances has made it so: changes of tactics, the extension of the enemy's bases consequent on the fall of France and the occupation of Norway, the insecurity of our Mediterranean communications and the mass-production of new vessels in Germany's U-boat yards.

The peak period of our losses was in the first half of this year. Up to July, in fact, sinkings were more than the combined new tonnage built in Britain, the Dominions and the U.S.A. How narrow is the margin even now may be judged from the fact that production figures have only been ahead of losses in the last two or three months.

On the other hand, Germany has been building U-boats at a faster rate than she is losing them. Compare the seventy submarines with which she started the war with her estimated strength of 300 now.

There is, however, one side of the picture that cannot give the Germans much satisfaction. Their output of submarines may be prodigious, but they cannot so easily replace their ace submarine commanders or their trained crews, and upon these hangs the success or failure of Hitler's dream of bringing Britain to her knees by starving her of supplies. There can be no doubt that Hitler really thought he could disrupt our vital supply lines by supplementing the U-boat campaign with attacks by aeroplanes and surface raiders. How near he came to success we can surmise, but he was out-manœuvred; we opened a new line of communication with the American continent, and so outwitted him for a time. He realised that submarines hunting singly were no match for the escorts of our convoys. Out of 400 ships sailing daily through the danger zone, less than 1 per cent. of vessels in convoy were being sunk—a poor return for his mounting losses.



TWO UNITED STATES SHIPS WHICH FELL VICTIMS TO THE ENEMY IN THE PACIFIC: Smoke is here seen rising from the burning oil in the tanks of the American auxiliary vessel *Colhoun*, on right, just before she sank in the South Pacific as a result of enemy action. Standing by her, at the left, is the *Little*, another auxiliary vessel which was subsequently sunk off the Solomons. Half her personnel was saved. Both these vessels were of the same class: they were ex-destroyers built in 1917 and 1918, and were of 1,060 tons. Each was 309 ft. in length and had a designed speed of 32 knots—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

A BRITISH CORVETTE RAMS A U-BOAT IN MID-ATLANTIC : After forcing the undersea craft up to the surface with depth-charges, the corvette shelled and rammed the submarine several times—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The escort vessel was a ship of 600 tons : when she came on the U-boat, she forced the latter up to the surface with depth-charges, fired on her till she submerged, and then once more forced her up to the surface with more depth-charges. Finally the corvette rammed the submarine as she was caught in the searchlight and by flares. Every time the submarine came to the surface she was shot up and then rammed. Men were tumbling into the sea over the side every time she got her conning-tower above the sea-level. Now the corvette is in dry-dock, and the damage to her bows and hull is being repaired

We had forced him to change his tactics. U-boat sinkings had risen alarmingly and the convoys were coming through almost unscathed. Submarines now began to operate in flotillas ; " wolf-packs " working under a leader.

These wolf-packs are not a sudden new development of the last few months. They were mentioned in broadcasts from Berlin as long ago as 1940. Crews had to be trained in the new tactics, however, and not until the autumn of 1941 were they being operated to any marked extent. Now, five or six U-boats sailing in company will attack a convoy at night under the leadership of one of their number whose commander is experienced in manœuvre. One or more of the others may be ordered to act as decoy to draw off the escorts, whilst the remainder, following the directions of their expert leader, glide in to their allotted positions for attack. Those who are lucky enough to elude the watchful destroyers steam away at speed on the surface, before daylight can discover them, to renew the attack when darkness comes again.

Undoubtedly, submarines in this formation are much more dangerous than when working single-handed, as we have reason to know. But there has been no device of the enemy at sea that has not been countered in the end, as witness Asdic and the depth-charge. And if U-boats can sail in wolf-packs, so can destroyers. It is no mere coincidence that recently the Admiralty have announced the sinking of several U-boats in a single encounter. Wolf-packs may take a bigger toll of our shipping, yet equally the grouping of submarines gives a flotilla of destroyers the chance of making their bag so much the bigger. When Asdic has enabled them to locate one or more units of the pack, if they are close enough they can throw out a concentrated barrage of depth-charges covering 100 square yards or more.

U-boats surface more readily than they were wont to do, and the reason is not far to seek. They are manned by new personnel, not by the well-trained crews of the first two years of war. We have been told of our own submarines lying for long, unnerving stretches of time on the bed of the sea while tremendous explosions all but wreck them, and how days later they have made port. So did the Germans once—but not now. It is known that their crews cannot stand the strain of the depth-charge barrage.

Our paramount need at the present time is greater protection for the convoys, and not only is it on the way ; each convoy that sails is enjoying better escort *now*. Lack of adequate escort was responsible for a very large proportion of the sinkings since America's entry into the war, for America could not provide the necessary protection and the U-boat harvest was greatest off the American seaboard. That weakness is rapidly being eliminated, and the change is already reflected in the lower scale of losses.

MASTS AND SMOKESTACK ALONE MARK A SUNKEN FREIGHTER OFF THE U.S. ATLANTIC COAST : All that remains to the view of a former banana boat which fell a victim to a torpedo from a U-boat. This picture was taken from the deck of an American small naval vessel, or " sea-going taxi "

" THE BOY WHO CARRIED A KNIFE "—Sixteen-year-old John Conroy, of Edinburgh, who has received the B.E.M. for his gallantry during the passage of the Russian Convoy : John Conroy's ship was sunk by a Junkers dive-bomber. This was his second shipwreck while in a Russia-bound convoy. With another lad, he was the last to leave the ship. It was his habit of carrying a big knife that made it possible for them to get away. He and the other lad found a raft lashed to the deck, and he hacked away at the 2-in. rope that secured it until they eventually managed to launch it. A number of other men clambered on to it when they were clear of the ship : and, later, when another raft was encountered, some of the thirty occupants of the latter were also transferred to Conroy's big raft. Conroy was educated at George Heriot's School in Edinburgh, and he went to sea just before his fifteenth birthday—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

TEST-FLYING A BRITISH BOMBER

Before Incorporating New Modifications in the Already Successful Lancaster Bomber

Just as important as the introduction of new types of aircraft is the improvement of existing ones. Much work is necessary when a modification is introduced: it must be tested and re-tested until every new factor about it is known. Yet, often, "modifications" really mean that an old type is made to perform as well, if not better, than quite new types—as witness the well-tried Spitfire and Hurricane, the modern versions of which (without basic changes in design or structure) have made them immeasurably better than their prototypes of a few years ago. The pictures reproduced here were taken during test work on the heavy Lancaster bomber: they might be taken as typical of what goes on in connection with practically every type of aircraft now being made for the R.A.F. The machine itself and every instrument is tested and tried under every conceivable condition of flight before the modification is incorporated into the general production; in this, everyone in the works—from managing director down to the newest apprentice—has his part to play. The designer, Mr. Roy Chadwick, it will be noted, actually goes aloft with the Company's test pilot while the new modifications are being tested out. The Lancaster is made by the firm of A. V. Roe and Co., Ltd., of Manchester; no details of its construction or performance are available for publication

THE LANCASTER DURING FLIGHT WHILST NEW MODIFICATIONS ARE BEING TESTED: Inside the aircraft the crew of experts are comparing impressions and checking up on results: the Chief Designer, Mr. Roy Chadwick, is flying with them

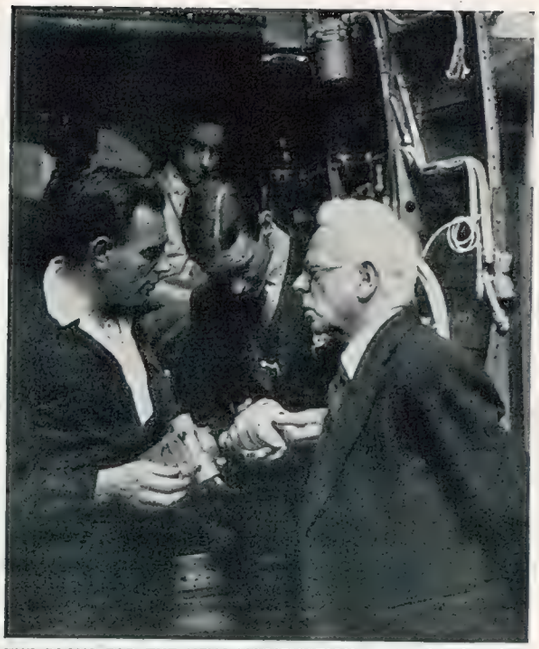
THE LANCASTER HAS BEEN MODIFIED, and she is now in the air for the first time. The test pilot is at the controls, and the designer is alongside him (on left). Before the first flight, exhaustive tests were made on the ground

THE TEST CREW NOTE THE MACHINE'S PERFORMANCE; and every instrument is checked. Left to right are: Flight Engineer H. Barnes, Observer Donald Wood, Test Pilot Bill Thorn, Second Pilot S. Gleave and Designer Roy Chadwick

THE FLIGHT ENGINEER CHECKS HIS DIALS: Flight Engineer H. Barnes is here verifying the boost pressure and the oil temperatures for port and starboard engines during the flying tests of the modified Lancaster

THE OBSERVER TAKES HIS READINGS DURING THE TESTS: Stop-watch in hand, Donald Wood keeps a log concerning height and speed, and checks his calculations by means of various complicated recording devices

THE CHIEF DESIGNER AND HIS ASSISTANTS have a conference with Air Ministry officials. Men with actual bombing experience are called in too. At this conference, Britain, Canada and Poland were represented



THE PLANS FOR THE NEW MODIFICATION go to the drawing office : Assistant-Designer Cameron (2nd from left) sets his draughtsmen to work on the drawings

MR. R. H. DOBSON, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE PLANT where the Lancaster is built, gives the order to put a new plan into practice. Soon the modification will be built into a plane and tested in the air

ASSISTANT-DESIGNER CAMERON (2nd FROM LEFT) SETS HIS DRAUGHTSMEN TO WORK : Section-Leader Smith, Chief Draughtsman Turner and Draughtsman Swift are all studying the new plan before getting down to the task of converting the drawings into fact

HER FLYING TESTS SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED, THE MODIFIED LANCASTER TURNS FOR HOME : Over 69 ft. long, and with a wing-span of 102 ft., this huge aircraft has four engines, each of which develops 1,260 h.p. The Lancaster is the heavy bomber made by A. V. Roe & Co., of Manchester, which has already caused much damage throughout Germany : now the aircraft is better than ever, and will probably improve even more as the months go by

JAPANESE VERSUS U.S. MARINES AND BLUEJACKETS ON GUADALCANAR ISLAND : The Japs were caught in a coco-nut grove near a sand-bar at the mouth of the Tenaru River. They were penned in and then mown down by tanks as they attempted to escape—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The Battle of Tenaru, on Guadalcanar Island, was the first serious attempt made by the Japs to regain a foothold in the Solomons. The battle ended in a massacre. After the Japs had charged down the beach and tried to cross the sand-bar at the mouth of the Tenaru River (on the north side of the island) the Americans penned one portion of the Japanese force in a coco-nut grove along the river. The enemy made no attempt to surrender *en masse*, but small groups, unable to withstand the withering fire, ran out with their hands up. Many others tried to escape by swimming out to sea, but these were picked off by U.S. snipers in the palm-trees. The knock-out was delivered by tanks : these came down on to the sand-bar in single file towards the palms where the Japs were hiding. The latter had two alternatives : they could scramble and run and be mown down, or they could lie still in the hope that the tanks would miss them. The Japanese attempts to fight the tanks were pitiful. They fired with rifles and machine-guns, but the bullets pinged against the steel armour harmlessly. The show was over when the tanks had finished : the Japanese landing-party, 750 strong, was wiped out. The U.S. casualties were 28 Marines killed and 72 wounded

The STRUGGLE for the SOLOMON ISLANDS

The Fighting Around Lunga Aerodrome on Guadalcanar, Where U.S. Marines and Bluejackets Have Now Been Reinforced by the Army

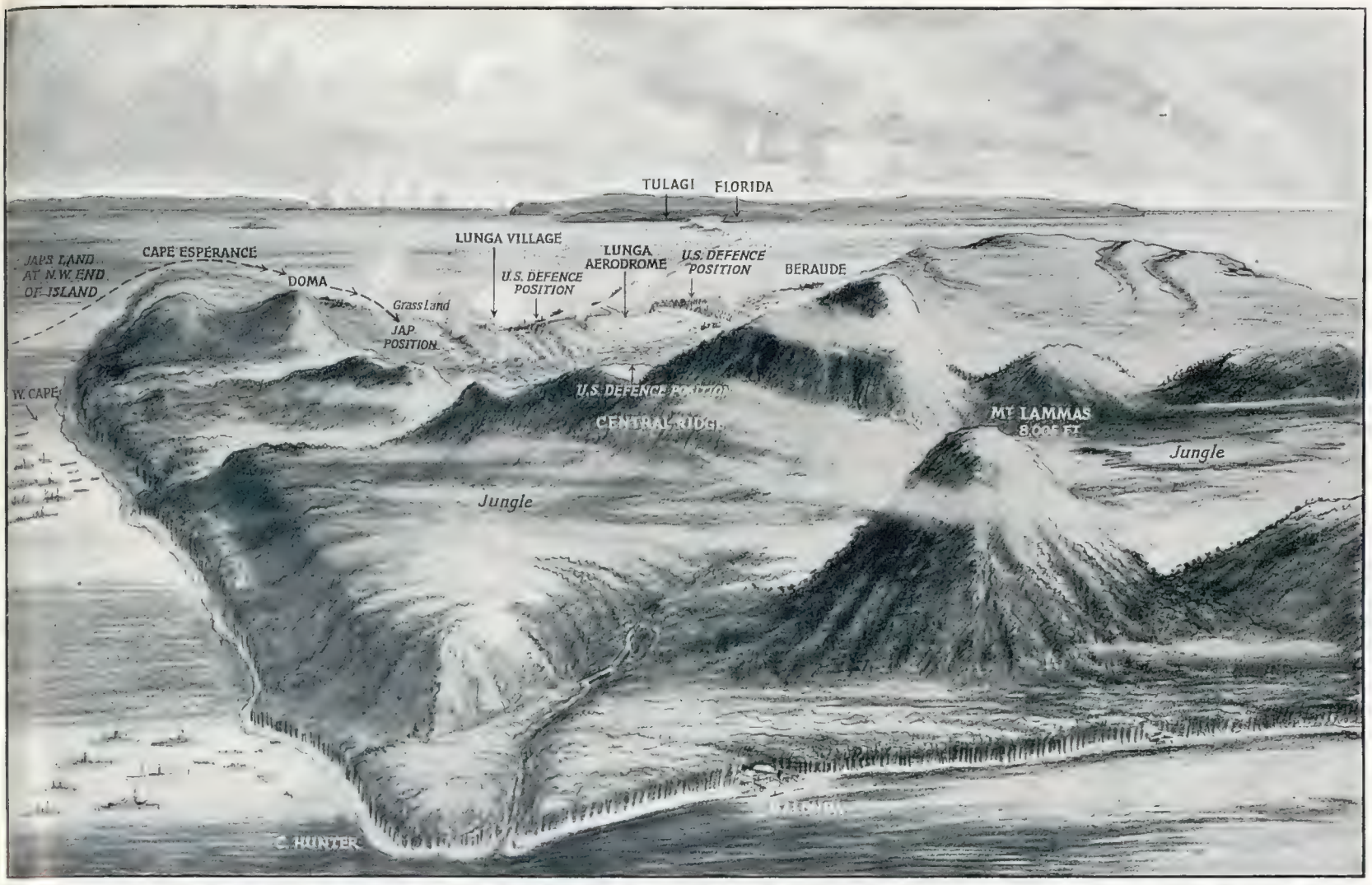
A DETERMINED effort is now being made by the Japanese Forces—land, sea and air—to recover the island of Guadalcanar, in the Solomon Islands, which they lost on August 8. The island is an essential part of the Japanese scheme to seize all the ring of island groups which lie around Australia, and so cut across the supply lanes from the United States to Australia. Consequently, they were deeply enraged at the loss of Guadalcanar, which was a severe blow to their hitherto almost unbroken success in capturing group after group.

Nearly two and a half months have passed since Admiral Ghormley made his surprise attack upon the Solomons, catching the enemy unprepared for such audacity. The Japs were driven from the tiny island of Tulagi, and from Florida, with which Tulagi was united by a causeway built by the Japanese. On Guadalcanar, the landing of the American Marines was so rapid that the Japanese were forced to leave behind many uninjured trucks, kegs of gasoline and excellent food rations. The island, though sparsely inhabited, with no good roads, and shortage of food supplies, is of immense value to the occupying Power, as it possesses the only level area capable of being used as an adequate airfield. The Japanese had employed hundreds of labourers to prepare the ground, which was being rushed into completion when the United States forces pounced upon it. The island itself is about 90 miles long by 30 miles wide. Most of it is mountainous, with a ridge running across it from north-west to south-east the highest point being Mount Lammas, a peak 8,000 ft. high, on the southern coast. Dense, tropical jungle covers the mountains, across which there is no communication, the only roads on the island being tracks used by wagons carrying copra from certain plantations. Along part of the northern coast there is a narrow stretch, from 4 to 10 miles wide, for a distance of some 40 miles, which is an open, grass-covered area. It is this valuable land which the Japanese utilised as an airfield, near the village of Lunga. The natives, numbering about 17,000, live in villages mostly situated on the north coast; the few Europeans, about a hundred, consist of planters, traders and missionaries.

THE FIRST U.S. AIRCRAFT TO LAND ON CAPTURED LUNGA AERODROME, ON GUADALCANAR : This well-constructed Jap airfield was almost completed when it was captured : it has a runway a mile long. The first aircraft to land on it was the amphibian patrol bomber seen above

ONE OF THE U.S. TANKS landed on the sandy beach of Guadalcanar Island. These later helped to repel the attempted recapture of the island and wiped out the Jap invaders, 750 strong, on Tenaru Beach

MARINES DIG IN ON THE BEACH after the opening battle at Guadalcanar : The amphibian tractor which brought this party ashore is seen in the background. Later the whole beach was cleared of the enemy



THE STRUGGLE FOR THE ISLAND OF GUADALCANAR IS NOW CONCENTRATED ROUND THE BIG AERODROME AT LUNGA, on the northern shore. Behind the actual theatre of fighting rises the central, jungle-clad spine of the island. The only open stretch of country runs for forty miles to east and west of Lunga. On the southern shore towers the lofty summit of Mount Lammas, 8,005 ft. high—*Drawing by Percy Home*

THE CHINESE QUARTER ON THE ISLAND OF TULAGI: This island commands the anchorages, but adjoining Guadalcanar, of much greater size, possesses the airfield which the Americans captured and which the Japs are now trying to retake. Tulagi and Guadalcanar are but a short distance apart

The original small force of American Marines, landed in August, has been reinforced, but its numbers have never been disclosed. Tokyo gave out that it was about 10,000. They hold the airfield area along the north coast, up to the ridge, but had not been able to penetrate into the jungle-covered mountains to which the enemy retreated last August. There parties of the Japanese remained hiding in caves, till they were reinforced, men and munitions being landed at night from small boats.

There have been three main attacks upon the American position. The first counter-attack after the initial surprise was so fierce and determined that the Marines were almost overwhelmed, but they held firm, breaking up the enemy, who lost heavily before they retreated to the jungle. The second attack was on September 13, when there was a desperate effort made to recapture the airfield. Japanese warships started the assault by heavy shelling during the evening, before the land attack, which began at midnight. The enemy had done the usual unseen infiltration through the jungle, snipers had fastened themselves on trees, dropping flares to give directions. Attacks were made from the east and west, but the main assault was on the centre, directed on the ridge which formed the boundary. For some hours the fighting was very severe, and at one time, about 4 a.m., looked most threatening, but shortly afterwards the east and west attacks broke down, and by 5 a.m. the enemy was definitely overcome and in retreat to his cover.

So severe was the punishment the enemy received—a correspondent who went over the battlefield the same day counted 150 dead Japanese on one hillock—that there was a definite lull in the fighting, though the enemy never gave up his purpose to recover Guadalcanar. He began assembling bigger forces, gathering men from New Guinea and China, concentrating warships for the next offensive.

This began on the night of October 13 with a heavy naval bombardment. On the same day, the American forces had received substantial reinforcements, successfully landed in spite of opposition. The following day the airfield was heavily bombed—the first attack, by 25 Japanese bombers, seems to have been uninterrupted, but the second resulted in the bringing down of 15 Japanese bombers and 4 fighters. The main Japanese position on the island is on the north-west, in a mountainous area, from which they are now shelling the Lunga airfield and installations. The Americans are putting up a tremendous defence, bombing ships wherever they can be found; motor torpedo-boats (now mentioned for the first time) are attacking the enemy warships; and the land forces are combating with skill and courage.

THE PRIZE FOR WHICH JAPS AND AMERICANS ARE FIGHTING IN THE SOLOMONS: Palm-fringed Tulagi Harbour, the best in the South-West Pacific, where a powerful naval fleet could shelter in comfort

VETERANS OF THE ROYAL NAVY:

And a Special Study of the Home Fleet C.-in-C. on His Own Quarter-Deck

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN TOVEY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE HOME FLEET, on his quarter-deck with a naval visitor, Vice-Admiral S. S. Bonham-Carter

Sir John went to the Home Fleet as its Commander in 1940, after having served since 1938 as Rear-Admiral (D.) commanding the Destroyer Flotillas of the Mediterranean Fleet. Previously he had served, successively, as Naval Assistant to the Second Sea Lord, Commander of H.M.S. *Rodney*, and Commander of the Royal Naval Barracks at Chatham. He saw service throughout the years 1914-1919 during the last war. Vice-Admiral Bonham-Carter (seen above on the left on a visit to the flagship) was appointed Naval Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty in 1939

ANOTHER NAVAL VETERAN, WHICH HAS SEEN SERVICE IN MANY THEATRES: H.M.S. "Warspite," 30,600-ton battleship, oiling from a tanker at her base

It was *Warspite* which wiped out the German destroyers at Narvik. Later she went to the Mediterranean, where she served as Admiral Cunningham's flagship at Matapan and during the Battle of Crete. It has now been announced that *Warspite* is in the Indian Ocean, where she is the flagship of Admiral Sir James Somerville, Commander-in-Chief of the Eastern Fleet. She was completed in March 1915; and a little later—at the Battle of Jutland—she was hit no fewer than twenty-eight times! In the year 1934 she was extensively reconstructed at a cost of nearly £2,500,000, being then fitted with new turbines, additional protection, increased accommodation for aircraft, and augmented anti-aircraft armament. Like *Resolution*, the *Warspite* is possessed of great hitting powers: she is armed with eight 15-in. guns, but her 6-in. guns only number eight against *Resolution*'s twelve. The speed of this battleship is 24 knots and her radius of action is about 4,400 miles. Her initial cost was in the neighbourhood of £2,500,000

A STURDY VETERAN OF THE LAST WAR, WHICH IS STILL PERFORMING VALUABLE SERVICE IN THIS WITH THE BRITISH BATTLE FLEET. H.M.S. "Resolution," 29,150-ton battleship of the Royal Sovereign class, in her wartime camouflage, as seen from a fighter aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm at sea

Early in this year it was announced that H.M.S. *Resolution* had been torpedoed : she was soon back in service, however, pounding away at the enemy with her eight 15-in. guns—one of many powerful veterans which are to-day still rendering first-class service in the Royal Navy despite their age. *Resolution* was laid down in November 1913, launched in January 1916, and completed in December of the same year. It will be noticed from the picture above that the battleship has a somewhat reduced freeboard ; nevertheless, the whole class of four proved to be fine seagoing ships. The Royal Sovereign class were designed to burn coal : whilst they were building, however, "all oil fuel" was adopted so that a speed of 23 knots could be secured. Owing to the addition of "bulges," however, the speed was brought down again to 22 knots ! H.M.S. *Resolution* has an overall length of 620 ft. and a beam of 102 ft : the complement is over 1,000. The principal armament consists of eight 15-in. guns, supplemented by twelve 6-in., eight 4-in. anti-aircraft, and a number of smaller weapons

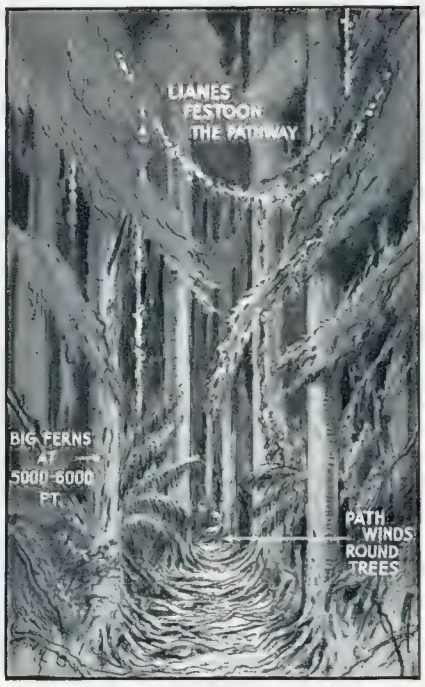
A TYPICAL CAMOUFLAGE SCHEME AS WORN BY A BRITISH DESTROYER ON WAR SERVICE : H.M.S. "BOADICEA" (of the Beagle class)

Camouflage is a most important item in a naval vessel's equipment : in this war great strides have been made in the art of disguising warships so as to confound the enemy and confuse his gunners. *Boadicea*, a destroyer of 1,360 tons, was completed in 1931 : she is one of a very successful class, all of which exceeded their designed speed of 35 knots with ease. Incidentally, these destroyers were the first in which torpedo tubes were mounted in series of four. The dimensions of this class are : 323 ft. overall length, 32 ft. beam and 12 ft. draught. Armament consists of four 4·7-in. guns, with six smaller weapons, and eight 21-in. torpedo tubes. The oil fuel carried on board is 380 tons ; and the complement is 138

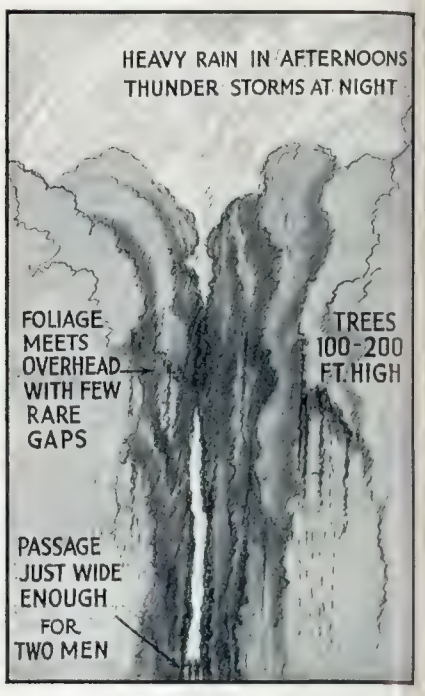
THE ADVANCE ACROSS THE OWEN STANLEY RANGE

The Pursuit of the Japs Across the "Gap" in New Guinea During the Allied Offensive from Port Moresby Towards Buna

THE ROAD FROM PORT MORESBY TO THE "GAP" and to Buna: With the New Guinea port as their base, Allied forces (largely Australian, supported by Australian and U.S. aircraft) have forced their way up to the "Gap" at the summit of the Owen Stanley Mountains. This is probably the most difficult fighting zone of the present war. From Port Moresby to Buna is a distance of 166 miles: on this diagram the principal features and distances are indicated, and a description of the dangers and difficulties of this stretch of jungle road is given in the accompanying article



The pathway of matted roots at the "Gap," which makes very heavy going. Sometimes one's foot will go right through at a rotten spot. Giant lianes hang vertically and are also looped from tree to tree



A cross-section through the jungle on the way to Kokoda. The pathway is only wide enough for two men; the trees tower 100 to 200 ft. above the trail, and the foliage meets overhead, with the exception of a few rare breaks

ON these pages we are enabled to reproduce—for the first time—pictures and diagrams which indicate the nature of the little-known tangle of country which lies between Port Moresby, on the south of New Guinea, and Buna, on the north. The former is the Allied base whence operations are now proceeding against the Jap invaders, who settled in firmly some time ago at the port of Buna, 166 miles away, over the summit ridge of the Owen Stanley Mountains.

From Moresby to Sapphire Creek (see map above) the journey can be made by lorry; but from the latter point a good deal of the transportation is by native carrier, in the absence of suitable roads—unless (as is more likely) the Allied forces have impressed native labour to hack out a pathway suitable for vehicular traffic. In the absence of this, supplies are divided up into two-man loads of from 60 to 80 lb., each sack or box being carried on poles.

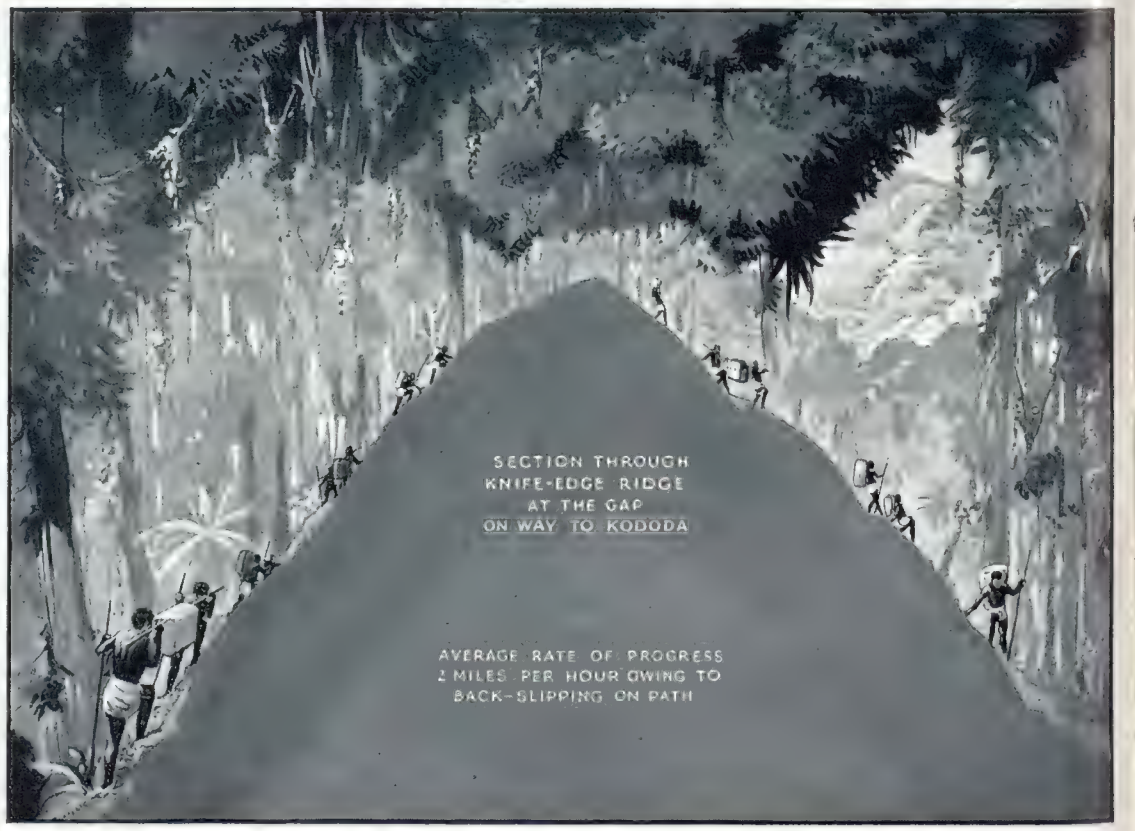
The greatest difficulty in travelling in New Guinea is the slipperiness of the tracks, which are generally a network of tree-roots wet and slimy with mud. Progress is made at the expense of a good deal of back-sliding—a very tiring process. The so-called roads, seldom wide enough for two men side by side and often rather perilous for one, are kept open by the villagers, who are responsible to the Government.

For unencumbered white men, the rate of progress would average some ten miles a day, at a speed of two miles per hour: the carriers, however, could not maintain this speed, and they would take many hours longer to cover a day's march. As soon as the foothills are reached, thunder and lightning and heavy rains rage most of the night: but the mornings are usually fine. The tracks always run steeply either up or down hill. A hard climb for several hours up and up through dense forest, with never a view of the sky or of the surrounding country, is immediately followed by an equally steep descent.

Slipping and sliding and clutching for support, white men and carriers slither down until the sound of rushing water becomes audible, and shortly the descent comes to an end at a babbling brook or an awe-inspiring mountain torrent. Sometimes it is necessary to wade down the bed of a stream for some way before the path leads uphill again. There are bridges of a sort over the more difficult rivers, but these consist of tree-trunks slippery with rain and spray, felled either from bank to bank or from rock to rock. Some of these must be crossed (by white men) in the most humble attitude, while the more nimble laden carriers walk erect without difficulty. They score heavily with their bare feet, gripping the roots with almost prehensile toes or digging them into the earth.

There are also very treacherous suspension-bridges made of lianes or vines, which are not pleasant to negotiate, as this type of bridge sways easily.

As the now-famous "Gap" is approached, more than 6,000 ft. above sea-level, the air grows chilly and the undergrowth becomes more dense and tangled. The narrow paths are a network of roots, until one has to walk over a surface raised several feet above the ground. All round there is a luxuriant growth of ferns of many varieties; but except for the rare notes of distant birds, there appears to be no life whatever.



ON THE JUNGLE ROAD TO KOKODA BEYOND THE "GAP": The climbs in this region are so steep and the track is so slippery with mud that there is much back-slipping, making the pace of the advance very slow. The breaks in the foliage are very rare, as the trees usually meet overhead, and the path is lit only with a greenish light as the sun's rays filter through the foliage—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

CROSSING A TORRENT OVER A PRIMITIVE LOG-BRIDGE BETWEEN THE KNIFE RIDGES on the way to the "Gap" on the Port Moresby-Buna Road in New Guinea: The valley between the many mountain, "razor-back" ridges may be filled by a placid little stream or by a rushing mountain torrent between rocks. These are both bridged by felled tree-trunks or, in some cases, by swaying rope-bridges. The bare feet of the carriers help them materially in negotiating these dangerous structures; but white men have to clamber across as best they can. Sometimes one has to debouch downstream in order to regain the track—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

A FOOD DUMP IN THE NEW GUINEA FOOTHILLS: These supplies go by ship to Port Moresby from Australia, or direct from the United States, and thence by lorry to the advanced dumps in the hills

The last camp on the south side of the Range is at Kagi; with an early start, and marching until the late afternoon, the Iola River is reached. Then the main Range is crossed by way of the "Gap," over the slopes of Mount Bellamy (12,000 ft.)—a distance of twelve miles. Of scenery there is little or nothing to be observed, so shut in is the traveller by cloud and forest. Everything drips with moisture, and matches have to be carried in bottles.

At Kokoda, on the other side of the "Gap," is a large village with a magistrate's house, where oranges are in full bloom. Near by is the Yodda Valley, once a flourishing gold-field, but now nearly deserted. Only a few old-timers remain, and these used to make a fair living in spite of the heavy cost of food and equipment, which, before the war, had to be carried over the muddy tracks from Buna, 60 miles away.

Twenty miles from Kokoda, at Kumusi, is a wire-rope bridge over the river: this has been referred to in some newspapers as "Wairopi." It is likely that the bridge was so named after the steel wires which recently replaced some of the original lianes or vines. It seems too much of a coincidence that such an apt native name should have been available!

Buna itself, before the war, could be reached in some six days' march from the Kumusi River; but it is no place to stay in for very long. The brand of malaria there is a peculiarly-unpleasant variety. In fact, the mountains and foothills, though wet and often chilly, are infinitely preferable to the low-lying areas of the north coast.

No one can fail to appreciate the courage and endurance of the Australian soldiers who have carried out the advance through the "Gap," in face of an elusive and undoubtedly-skilful enemy. Bearing in mind the extreme difficulty of travel, and the problem of stores and equipment for a considerable force, the Australians and Americans engaged in the Owen Stanley Range must have performed wonders.

To conclude, here is a war correspondent's remarks on some of the difficulties encountered by our troops as they toiled up to the summit of the mighty Owen Stanley Range: "All supplies must be humped by native carriers. The so-called gap in the Owen Stanley Range is really only a gap for air purposes, not for land progress. It does not mean easier going for the troops, and the conditions are a combination of the tropics overhead and of the last war's winter on the Western Front underfoot. With a high rate of exhaustion and sickness inevitable and perpetual aching hardship, this is an important advance, relieving the anxiety which Australia felt . . ."

AFTER A JAPANESE RAID ON PORT MORESBY: A debris-strewn airfield, marking the end of a surprise raid by Japanese aircraft; an American fighter aircraft circles low over the field, trying to pick a suitable spot for landing, whilst Australian and American soldiers set about the task of clearing up the mess

THE NEW M4, OR GENERAL SHERMAN TANKS, now being built in the United States. These are 31-ton models, with a 360-degree top turret of solid casting, and a centre-piece (or hull) which is also a solid casting. These tanks are America's latest design in medium tanks

THIS IS THE GENERAL LEE, USED BY THE CANADIANS: It is American-built, carries a 3-in. gun as its main armament, and five machine-guns. It is regarded as a very fine fighting machine

THE NEW BRITISH-BUILT CHURCHILL TANK, the constructional details of which are still largely secret. It has a heavily-armoured body, with wide track-shoes, and carries a heavy 6-pounder gun

THE MARK II, OR MATILDA: 28 tons in weight, with a speed of 16 m.p.h. and a crew of four

THE ADVANCE IN ALLIED TANK DESIGN

Drastic Changes Brought About by Two Years of Actual Warfare

Described by LEONARD R. GRIBBLE

IN the two years that have passed since 1940, tank design has changed drastically. The demands for armour and fire-power have had to be met, while not ignoring demands for speed and manœuvrability. The essence of battle tactics, in short, has had to be incorporated in the designer's sketches. The lessons learned in Flanders, when the German Panzers swept triumphantly westward, had to be re-learned when those same divisions turned eastwards against the untried military might of the Soviet. In Flanders a disabled tank was a total casualty. In Russia that same tank became an armoured pill-box until its fire was stopped.

The new lessons were responsible for the changed appearance of British cruiser and heavy tanks. All this has meant change in design, development that can best be appreciated by a comparison of types. The British light tanks Mark VIB and VIC have light square turrets set well back on the hull, one main bogey-wheel with lightly-suspended track and a broken contour, with shelving forepart and blunt rear encased in bullet-proof material. These light Mark VI's are speedy, but neither heavily armoured nor gunned. They are scout craft rather than battle cruisers.

The change to the Mark II infantry tank, the celebrated Matilda, is somewhat abrupt. Here a 200-h.p. engine unit and a crew of four direct a 28-ton tank with a speed of 16 m.p.h. and an armoured thickness for the hull and tracks of approximately 75 mm. In this tank the turret becomes more circular, with curved flanges, set central over a wider hull, which is propelled by a 14-in. caterpillar track with no fewer than sixty-eight shoes. The Matilda has single-clutch steering and internal communication by electric telephone. She is designed for hard work.

However, in the Mark III, the Valentine, the crew is reduced once more; this time to three men; and the armour is only 65 mm. thick. The turret is no longer central, but the long-barrelled, 2-pounder gun fires an armour-piercing shell. Overall weight is reduced to 16 tons. The Mark V, the Covenanter, on the other hand, shows the step towards streamlining. The turret is "chiselled" in line, central on the hull, and the track-shoes are set over four heavy bogey-wheels. Top "hamper" is set generally in line with the curve of the hull top.

The Mark IV, the Churchill, which is still largely a secret tank, has heavily-armoured body, with wide track-shoes, running round a full flank, and turret set back once more, to compensate for the heavy 6-pounder gun. But the turret has rounded ends, and the tank, although in the heavy class, has lost any "squareness" in its design. This new "roundness" is taken a stage farther in the Canadian Ram I, where even such details as headlamps are made to fit into the general streamlined effect, which becomes almost car-like in its overall design in the new General Sherman M4 tank of the U.S. Army.

Thus the tendency has been for tanks to grow larger, but less high in relation to their cubic capacity. Tank lines have become "sturdy," and tanks broad in the beam. Today those "sturdy" lines are being given a rounded strength that reveals the approach towards the modern streamlined effect.

THE VALENTINE, OR MARK III : 16 tons, with a crew of three, and a long-barrelled 2-pounder gun

American tank designers are incorporating the results of practical battle experience in the Middle East in their revised types, and the General Sherman, which is a 31-ton medium tank with a solid-cast hull, has a solid-cast power turret with a full 360 degrees traverse. The change-over in design can be observed when one compares this later type with that of the well-known General Grant medium tank, which was flung against Rommel's armour in the Knightsbridge struggle. These early General Grants had a turret at one side, which did not allow of a traverse of any more than 30 degrees. As a consequence, when made immobile through damage to engine or suspension, they became vulnerable to anti-tank fire directed against their "blind" flank.

The tank of to-day must be self-sufficing when it goes into battle, capable of fighting, of laying a smoke-screen to cover supporting infantry, and, not least, of taking punishment and surviving. When the Mark II's, better known as the Waltzing Matildas, went into action in the first Libyan campaign, their 2½ ins. of hull armour stood up well to the work of the Italian gunners. Their turrets, weighing some five tons, armoured with 3-in. sheeting, took punishment without being disabled, firing back with a 2-pounder and a Besa machine-gun. One of their officers, describing the effects of a direct hit on one, as observed by a member of the crew, said, "There 's a great impact, and showers of sparks fly from the inside of the wall, while a red glow spreads from the point where the hit was registered."

This shifting ratio of fire-power plus engine-power as to armoured weight is still awaiting an ultimate solution. The Germans, whose tendency for a long time was to skimp armour and weight, having met and suffered from the giants of the steppes, the Soviet 70-tonners, designed their own formidable Mark IV, trying thereby to attain the avidly-sought "ideal" tank. But the Mark IV has been met and mastered tactically. The Americans, observing this, in turn designed their recently announced 60-ton monster, which, it is claimed, is more than a match for the Mark IV. And so the race for type supremacy proceeds.

THE FIRST OF A FINE SERIES OF U.S. TANKS : This is the American M1, which has long been superseded by later Marks. It was a short, compact vehicle, with a considerable armament

TWO TYPES OF COMPARATIVELY LIGHT TANKS : The Covenanter, or Mark V, on the right ; and the light, high-built Mark VI on the left. Both these preceded the Churchill type of heavy tank

CHURCHILL TANKS NEGOTIATING ROUGH GROUND during recent manœuvres in the North, where both men and machines have been undergoing gruelling training. Note that in this newest of British tanks the tracks are left unprotected by armour on the top side

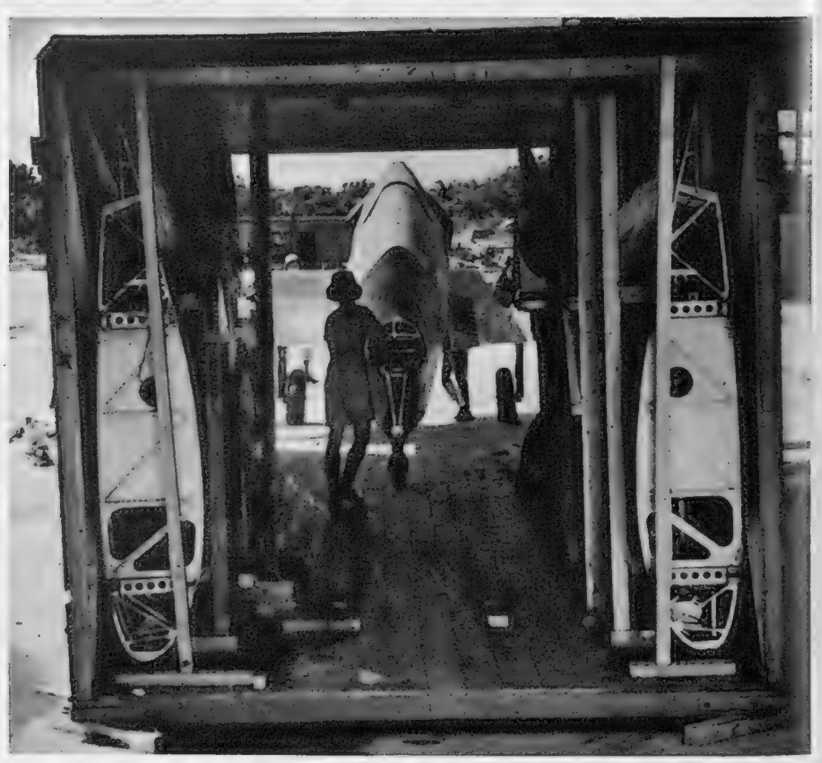
AFRICA AS A DEVELOPING CENTRE OF WARLIKE ACTIVITY

SIX FRENCH SUBMARINES, PART OF THE VICHY FRENCH FLEET, lie in the harbour of Casablanca, in French Morocco: This picture, taken only a few months ago, shows work in progress on some of the vessels, which are obviously being kept in fighting trim

A VICHY FRENCH PATROL SHIP, used on Convoy duties, is moored at Casablanca, where the battleship "Jean Bart" and other Vichy French warships are stationed. Casablanca has made great strides as a port during recent years, and construction work is evidently still going on there

In view of General Smuts's references to Africa in his recent important address to both Houses of Parliament, it has been brought home to many what a great part that immense continent is playing in the present war. The pictures reproduced on these pages reinforce that view. Now that the war has become so widespread, so world-wide, Africa does indeed occupy a strategic position. The recent arrival of U.S. troops in Liberia has again drawn attention, for instance, to the great "bulge" where Vichy France keeps a tight hold on Dakar, fearful lest it should be invaded by Germany on the one hand, or by the United Nations on the other. Should action develop in this area, it might be well to bear in mind the present strength of the French Fleet: its exact composition is thought to be four battleships, fourteen cruisers and about fifty destroyers; submarines are believed to number about sixty. The battleships *Strasbourg*, *Dunkerque* and *Provence* are at Toulon, in France, with the majority of the lighter ships. The *Jean Bart* is at Casablanca. Four other capital ships are immobilised—one of them (the *Richelieu*) at Dakar. Three others (the *Paris*, *Lorraine* and *Courbet*) are in British hands

AIRCRAFT FOR THE MIDDLE EAST go out by way of West Africa: A crated aeroplane being lifted ashore: A vital link in the supply of aircraft to the Middle East is an aerodrome on the British West Africa coast, where aircraft which have travelled in crates by surface transport from Britain are unpacked, assembled and tested before being flown across Africa to Egypt by pilots who will then fly them into action against the Axis desert forces. The creation of an aerodrome in a tropical forest was a formidable undertaking, but with ingenuity and enterprise and the cheerful co-operation of native workers, the almost impossible was accomplished.



A FUSELAGE FROM ENGLAND EMERGES FROM ITS CRATE, showing how compactly the aircraft are stored for their journey by ship to West Africa

WHERE UNITED STATES TROOPS HAVE ARRIVED ON THE WEST AFRICAN COAST—to the great chagrin of the Germans: A scene in Randall Street, in Monrovia, the capital of the Negro Republic, which is 700 miles by air from Vichy's base at Dakar

It has been announced that a considerable number of U.S. troops have been landed at Monrovia. The strength of this force has, naturally, not been announced by the Allies, but Axis sources have declared the figure to be anything from 10,000 to 18,000 men. Shortly after the announcement of the landing was made, the Liberian Government requested the withdrawal of all Axis diplomats from the country. Liberia has intimate links with the U.S.: it was from the latter country that its first settlers—all of whom were freed slaves—came. By 1847, their numbers were sufficient to form a Republic; to-day the total population probably numbers over 2,000,000. The capital, Monrovia, is only 700 miles by air from Dakar, Vichy's great base in West Africa: it now forms one of a string of Allied bases, running from Bathurst (only 100 miles from Dakar), Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast and Nigeria to French Equatorial Africa (which declared for General de Gaulle in 1940)

RUSSIA, TOO, RECEIVES A CONSTANT STREAM OF AIRCRAFT BY WAY OF AFRICA AND THE MIDDLE EAST

The Stars and Stripes waves above the Field Headquarters hut at this assembly plant somewhere in the Middle East, where planes shipped in crates from the United States and Britain are assembled and flown to the Russian and other war-fronts. The line of aircraft in the background will all soon be wearing the Russian markings and operating against the Axis on the Eastern Front. The importance to the plans of the Allied Nations of the great African Continent was again emphasised by General Smuts a few days ago: Madagascar, Liberia, Libya, the Chad area—all come into the strategic scheme for the eventual defeat of the Axis on all fronts

CLOTHING the ARMY and the AUXILIARY SERVICES

The Work of the Director-General of Equipment and Stores

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

ON the top floor of a building in a mean street in London is one of the most intriguing sights in Great Britain. For here is one of the main pattern-rooms of the Director-General of Equipment and Stores. As far as I can make out, no reporter has previously been allowed to visit it. I have now just come from there, having seen the autumn, winter and spring fashions of the Army and Royal Air Force, so to speak. For spread on tables and placed in pigeon-holes are the sealed patterns of all the new equipment for which tenders are now being invited, together with the other bits of equipment already issued to the Army, Royal Air Force, and all the other organisations, excluding the Navy, but including the A.T.C., W.V.S., A.R.P., A.T.S., and what-have-you.

There are ten thousand of these patterns in stock. Commando fighting knives and knobkerries, and the latest improved water-bottle for airborne troops, are cheek-by-jowl with the chocolate-coloured prototype of the A.T.C.'s new track suit, and the pale-green, dark-green and maroon-coloured scarf which the W.V.S. will be wearing in a few weeks' time.

The prototypes of nylon hair-brushes (not yet issued), of an austerity housewife, of tropical cellular shirts without shoulder-straps, of yellow driving-gloves for A.T.S., and wool-lined gloves (with the fingers cut off, but with a movable wool-lined pouch attached) for A.-A. girls, of long-legged shorts which can button back or fall into place, according to the temperature and the presence of mosquitos; of khaki-drill hospital trousers, of parachutists' coats and zip jackets, of new revolver holsters, of sea-plane wading suits, of ski-ing straps, of restraint-belts, of grey, helpless-patient shirts; of Communion plate, and of washing-up bibs, are all laid out in an orderly fashion.

It was interesting to see the latest austerity battle-dress. It is austere to the extent of having four buttons less on the trousers, and one less inside pocket in the battle-blouse. And here is a fascinating discovery. The battle-blouse of to-day is based on the leather golf-jacket of Lieut.-Col. D. R. Smith, O.B.E., M.C., a five-handicap member of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps Golfing Society. Indeed, I suggest that this historic garment should be given to the Imperial War Museum.

Many people seem to think that the Army chiefs do little from one war to the next. In fact, the reverse is the case, although more time is probably spent on reaching a decision in peacetime than in a war. It was in 1932 that General Sir Walter Braithwaite was put in charge of a Committee to discuss possible improvements in Army equipment. Various proposals were put forward: the best

Mechanics of the W.A.A.F. are now testing R.A.F. engines on the ground and in the air. This picture was taken as a sergeant-pilot was assisting one of the girls to adjust her parachute before going up with him on a test flight

medical advice was requisitioned; and numbers of exercises in the field were held to test the various suggested improvements. It was the Braithwaite Committee which put an end to puttees at a time when puttees, web anklets, leather anklets and straps were all suggested as the best type of leg-covering. It was the Braithwaite Committee which finally disposed of the suggestion that the troops should wear a deerstalker's cap basted and stiffened up with stitching, in place of the present headgear. When Colonel Smith's historic golf jacket was produced before the Committee, there were careful discussions as to the desirability of using the zip fastener. This was finally, and very properly, rejected, through the danger of it becoming clogged with mud in the field.

Old soldiers will recall the welted Army boot, which was replaced by the present screwed and rivetted boot. The reason for the change was that the present Army boot (easily the best in the world, including Germany) can be repaired in the field. The welted boot requires a machine to mend and stitch it. The United States Army have a welted boot, however. The Canadians also have this type of boot; and in my own opinion, they will live to regret it. By the way, if you asked your bespoke shoemaker or bootmaker to produce you boots of exactly the same quality and finish as the Army boot, he would charge you at least three pounds.

If you walk through the West End, you would be forgiven for thinking that there must be literally hundreds of different uniforms. And yet, if you except the twenty other United Nations, and the Royal Navy, which always prefers to do things in its own way, there are actually only thirty different types of uniform made in this country. It is true that the Airborne Division has a maroon-coloured beret; that the Royal Armoured Corps has a blue-black ditto; and that the Commandos have now been issued with an emerald-green beret. But of uniforms themselves there are only thirty varieties, including special forces in West Africa, tropical kit, W.A.A.F., coastguard watchers, and any other type of uniformed war-worker that you can call to mind.

The choice of uniform is left to the Director of Personal Services at the War Office (for the Army), the Director of Personal Services at the Air Ministry, and, I fancy, the Fourth Sea Lord at the Admiralty. The King, however, is the final and absolute arbiter. If the Army Council tries to deprive the Royal Welch Fusiliers of their flash, the King (in this case, King George VI) can, and will, stop it.

The procedure in the choice of a uniform for a new corps, such as the Airborne Division, is as follows: the matter is put in the hands of the Director of Clothing and Stores at the War Office, who is instructed to produce a parachutist's jacket on certain general lines, which are given to him. The Chief Inspector of Clothing at the Ministry of Supply, in collaboration with the Director of Clothing and Textiles, decides which is the best design from the production point of view. The prototype of the selected design of jacket is tested secretly by the War Office. If it passes its test and is approved on the spot by the responsible officers, who will be wearing it themselves, the Ministry of Supply arranges for the jacket to go into production—through the Director-General of Equipment and Stores. The Ministry of Supply, it may be added, supplies in kind all the textile materials used by the making-up contractors. It also controls the weaving, spinning, dyeing, finishing and supply of the raw materials. In other words, while the Board of Trade controls the civilian side of clothing, the Ministry of Supply controls the production of the rest of the clothing trade. Naturally, there is a close collaboration between the Ministry of Supply and the Board of Trade.

The Department of the Chief Inspector of Clothing is kept exceedingly busy. In the third quarter of 1942 it has inspected no fewer than 16,000,000 items for the Army alone, together with 78,000,000 yards of cloth, 4,000,000 separate items for the Air Ministry, and 2,000,000 items for the other Services. The C.I.C. (Chief Inspector of Clothing) has a number of expert designers on his staff. He also invites advice from organisations like the London Clothing Designers Club, in case suggestions for the simplification of uniforms could be forthcoming. There is also a Director of Progress and Inspection, whose job is to chase up production from the contractors, and remove all difficulties where possible—labour troubles, materials, transport, fuel, accommodation, and air-raid precautions. Now for some uncorrelated items:

Divisional flashes provide a natural query. I understand that the Treasury gives a cash grant of only a penny-halfpenny per capita for divisional and other flashes, so one can presume that, as many of them are of a somewhat extravagant character and design, they are paid for regimentally out of the N.A.A.F.I. rebates.

Another point is that the change-over from brass buttons to plastic buttons is to enable the authorities to divert more brass to munitions of war.

The latest housewife is to contain one reel of thread, two quarter-ounce balls of worsted military grey, six plastic battle-dress buttons, one packet of needles, and one plastic thimble.

American Army officers are most interested in the pattern-room, but are somewhat confused by the different phrases we use for the same objects. (For example, they call a shoe a "boot.")

The Ministry of Supply provides no equipment for officers (who have to buy it themselves), except those attached to Expeditionary Forces.

The flimsy Home Guard haversack, of which so many Home Guards complained when it was issued, was simply *faute de mieux*. Several hundred thousands had to be provided at short notice, and—well, something had to be produced.

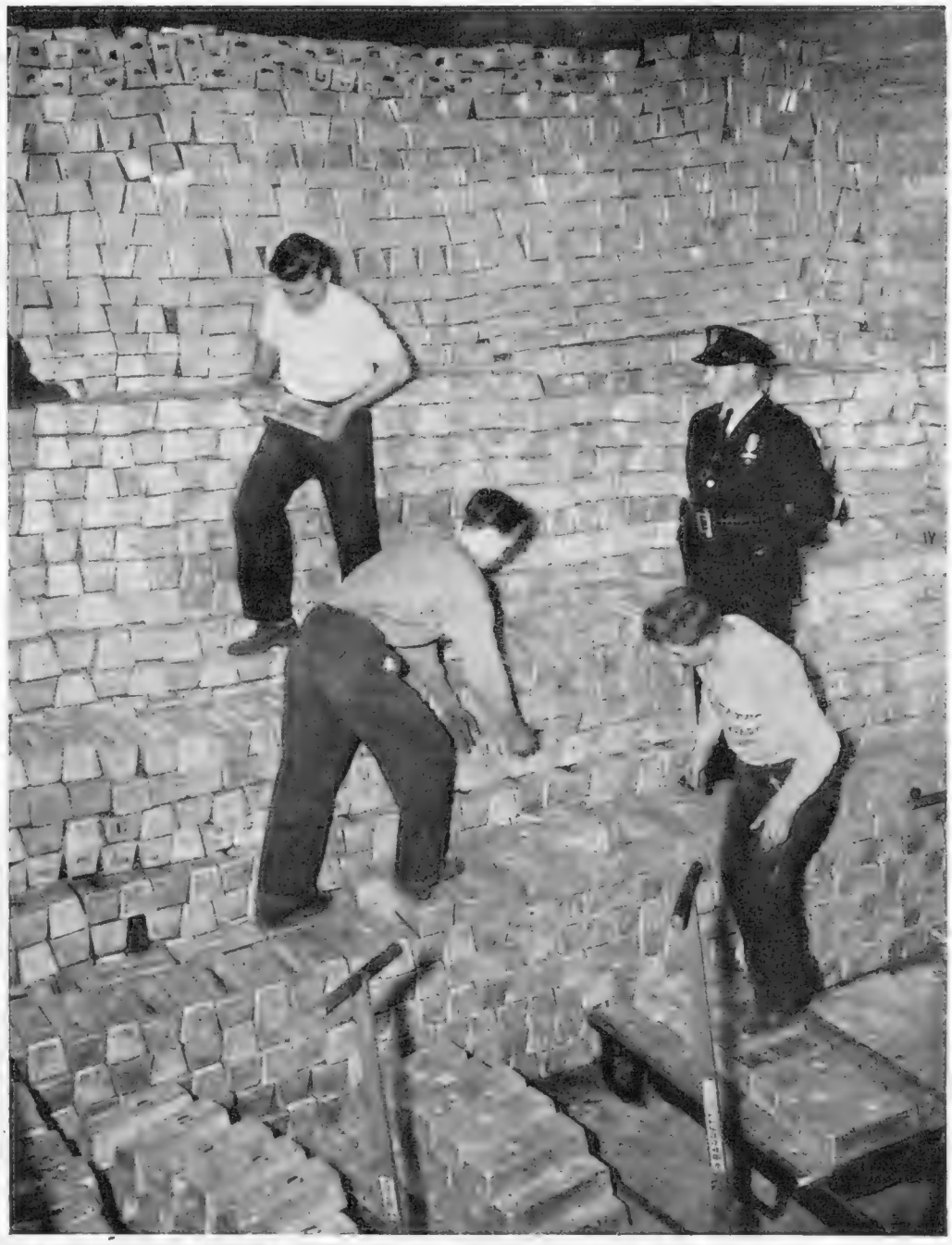
DESPATCH GIRLS OF THE A.T.S. marching back to their quarters after training: At a Western Command depot, motor-cycle despatch riders of the Auxiliary Territorial Service go through an intensive course of training which prepares them for every type of country which they may have to traverse. They are the only branch of the A.T.S. to wear breeches and putties, and all are supplied with crash helmets

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

NEWS PICTURES from the U.S.

A JAP FROM THE ALEUTIANS is brought to Dutch Harbour, for questioning by Lieut.-Commander Peter C. Holm, of the U.S. Navy. He was one of five captured after a naval engagement

N TRADITIONAL CROSS-LEGGED POSITION, a Jap prisoner from the Aleutians eats his meal in the brig of the U.S. ship which carried him to Dutch Harbour, in Alaska



HOW THE WORK OF SALVAGING THE "NORMANDIE" IS PROGRESSING IN NEW YORK HARBOUR

The great task of salvaging the former French liner (renamed the *Lafayette*), which was burned out and capsized, is now proceeding rapidly with the aid of specially trained civilian and naval divers. When completed, this will undoubtedly be one of the world's greatest salvage feats. This picture shows men at work on the vessel, the perpendicular angle of the tremendous deck being well displayed. A diver is coming up to the surface from the depths of the river-bed; while cranes, rafts and a maze of temporary structures surround the great ship's bulk

AMERICA SETS HER HOARDS OF SILVER TO WORK IN THE WAR EFFORT: The United States have thousands of tons of silver which, for years, have been stored in vaults doing no useful work whatsoever. Now the silver is being brought out to contribute towards industry. This picture was taken at one of the many vaults at the West Point Silver Depository, as men were loading trucks with silver bars weighing from 72 lb. upwards: each is worth from 500 to 1,000 dollars. The War Production Board ordered the release of the silver to various industries where the metal is needed for commercial processes in connection with the American war effort

FISHING-BOATS BEING CONVERTED INTO SUBMARINE CHASERS: Lined up in a dock at Norfolk, Virginia, are several U.S. fishing-boats which have been taken over by the Navy for conversion. In the foreground is the bow of a naval patrol vessel: just ahead of it is a submarine chaser of the last war being converted back to that purpose after its peacetime service as a fishing-boat

AWAY FROM THESE WARS. . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie **By J. G.**

SHAKESPEARE.—I was at Stratford-on-Avon. It was springtime, and festival time, and I came out into the warm-scented air of the enchanted town, still under the spell of Shakespeare and *A Winter's Tale*. We cannot recapture the lightness of heart, the simple and triumphant joy of living, which those happy Elizabethans knew, and only in the comedies of Shakespeare (produced and acted by discerning artists) can we get a hint of what that joy was. No succeeding generation of Englishmen attained to it.

As I look back into history, I judge that we have grown steadily less jolly, generation by generation, since the Renaissance dawned on England. And here, three hundred and fifty years after, we sit smugly beside our wireless set, or drink in life and colour, thrown on a screen for our recreation in endless variety; smugly we skim over the countries of the world in our planes, or across the counties in our cars, ever searching for that elusive treasure which the ragged rogue Autolycus carried in his breast as he jogged on the footpath way.

Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake—and please God I shall hear them a little longer above the roar of traffic on the speedways, singing their souls out in the spinneys for the mere joy of living.

As Others See Us.—I took the honour on the first tee. The couple in front had played their seconds, but "I can't drive yet," said I. "Safe as houses," replied Huckaback. It was Huckaback's honour at the second, and the same question arose. "Better give them a minute more," he said. "You won't get near them," I rejoined.

Lady Ormonby's Creed.—I have a sneaking admiration of that "loyalty" which was a special characteristic of the old Whig aristocracy. I mean, the determination to uphold one's class and never to admit that one's family can fall from grace. Thus, when a younger son's marriage to a chorus-girl was a *fait accompli*, one embraced the girl launched her on society with a tiara and a party in her special honour, and told the world how lucky one's boy was.

The Dowager Ormonby is no doubt a stupid woman, but in a worldly sense she is wiser than most of her kind, for she still preserves this creed. Having seven daughters, all of whom came out during or since the war, she needed something solid of the kind, and has constantly leaned on it. Of her daughters, Joan and Phyllis (having practically no visible means of support) very properly sold themselves to the cheap Press. Joan gives her girl readers advice on the removal of blackheads (whatever they may be) and on the proper method of addressing marquesses. Phyllis supplies details concerning the interior decoration of the mansions of her more illustrious relations, and relies on boy friends for spelling and punctuation.

It is impossible to doubt that Lady Ormonby shudders when she reads their lamentable effusions, but she gave no sign when she boldly introduced the subject last Sunday. "I don't know where in the world the girls get their literary talent from. Certainly not from their father or myself. Possibly they owe it to the great Lord Ormonby, the patron of Pope."

Out of Date.—"One of our great difficulties," said Mrs. Barton, apropos the village library, "is in finding books suitable for girls. The girl of fifteen is a class not catered for to-day. So she falls back on Edgar Wallace. We do not want a modernised *Cranford*. These girls demand plenty of action, and will not be put off by a love-story provided it plays second fiddle to healthy adventure. Nor does one want solid uplift." I asked her what was the matter with the schoolroom favourites of our own youth—*Rodney Stone* and the rest of Conan Doyle's fine stories; *Lorna Doone*, *Ravenshoe*, *The Moonstone*, *Uncle Silas*, the whole shelf of Stevenson. . . .

Mrs. Barton waved them all aside. We want, she said, a thousand new *Good Companions*. Stevenson and Doyle are out of date in the schoolroom And, alas! it is perfectly reasonable. The schoolroom, which accepts radio and aeroplanes as ordinary domestic conveniences, wants David Balfour to fly over and not through the heather, Sir Charles Tregellis to drive not a tandem, but a supercharged Bentley; and Moriarty to control his underworld by wireless telephony. Stevenson and Doyle and I are out of date, and one of us finds it very difficult to realise.

Success in Politics.—The radio's great lesson for myself was learned from listening to broadcast political speeches and addresses by Ministers of the Crown. I was at first dumbfounded by the bald and blazing triteness, the insufferable obviousness of these utterances.

And then I tumbled to the great truth that the secret of political success is the discovery of the abysmal stupidity of the race, the discovery that no fact and no truth are so universally implanted as to need no more hammering in.

There are always three in every dozen who cannot see the absurdity of sawing through the branch they sit on, just as on every cricket ground there are a hundred who appeal or applaud when a fieldsman catches a bump ball. In oratory you will find it is the experienced speaker, and not the tyro, who solemnly and exhaustively, and of course deliberately, develops the argument that "Gentlemen, I have reached the conclusion after forty years of—er—political life that—er—unity is—er—strength [or honesty the best policy]."

Safety First.—From the window of my room I watch two small daughters frisking out to a snowy lawn. An anxious nurserymaid dashes after them, retrieves one, and pulls a forgotten golosh over a reluctant foot. The other child, snatching her opportunity, makes headlong for a tiny pond, determined to try the ice. An ever-watchful nurse cancels the programme from an upper window. And so for eighteen years, mother, nurse, nurserymaid, governess, and even father, keep ceaseless vigil against the risk of accident or illness. And then, in June of the nineteenth year, the fledgling jumps out of the incubator, climbs into Bertie Bashford's Bugatti, and is off to Heston to loop the loop with that reckless Guardsman. An unsought destiny even now knocks on my door—the destiny of the old hen that sat on ducks' eggs. If I am spared, I shall live to cluck in vain.

A Silver Spoon.—My children cry the roof off if they are left alone for two minutes. The gardener's baby lies in his pram uncomplaining, playing by the hour with an old tennis ball. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and will enjoy easy circumstances all his days, for Stern Necessity, that good fairy, smiled at his christening and brought gifts, infinite patience and a simple philosophy.

An uncontrolled imagination will never wear his heart out, he will not suffer intolerably for the tragedies of others, nor meet troubles half-way by picturing misfortunes which may never come. The peace and beauty of a June evening he will enjoy without pain, and he will neither pine for the sunshine, nor know the insufferable sadness of grey skies. And England, perhaps, will not be the poorer if he creates, in his adolescence, no precocious work of imagination. But we parents who in vanity or impatience wrench the lid off Pandora's box will pay for these luxuries with our children's tears.

Let the Truth Prevail.—Mrs. Mossman is one of those eager women who are quite certain that they have inherited the traditions of the *salon* and the genius of Madame de Staël. Though heavy with ancient *clichés*, she is quick to pick up the last new opinion and idea. Her social confidence is remarkable. Determined that her guests shall enjoy themselves (in *her* way), she pursues them relentlessly while they are in her clutches.

Those who have known the experience are unanimous in their determination never to repeat it. I am one of them. And now, for the second year in succession, comes her invitation to a week-end two months hence. Kindly and colourless Mossman will be there, like a well-mannered house-dog; a literary man of sorts; a woman with a mission, and an undistinguished member of the House of Lords with his Lady, and we should round off an intellectual occasion satisfying Mrs. Mossman's standards and appetite.

A SALVAGE DUMP FOR HISTORIC RELICS RUN BY THE CITY OF LONDON CORPORATION

In the wilderness of devastation that was Aldermanbury, a little cluster of damaged buildings has been left by the housebreakers: on the ground floor here is one of the City Corporation's salvage dumps. This is in the charge of Mr. R. J. Evans, Masonic illuminator: having been bombed out of Bartholomew Close, his business gone and no chance of a job in his own profession, he went to the Labour Exchange for work. The City Corporation wanted a trustworthy storekeeper for salvage, and Mr. Evans was selected for this task. Knowing the City so well, he is able to identify City relics sorted from the salvage from bombed buildings in the locality. Here he is seen arranging some of his historic shields and plaques, which can now be preserved for posterity: the shield immediately above his head bears an inscription indicating that it marked the site of St. Alphage Parish Church, in London Wall, opposite the great Roman wall of London

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

The Society still hears of the good use Old Boys are making of the chances given while in the Society's care. Two brothers, old Bisley boys, are doing well, and serving their Country: one in the Fleet Air Arm and the other making tools. Funds are urgently needed. Address: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

The WAR EFFORT on the HOME FRONT

WOMEN WORKERS REPLACE MEN AT KING'S CROSS STATION: Girl telephone operators, who have taken over men's work in the Engineering Office at this London terminus. The men they replace have either gone into the Forces or have taken over more important tasks in connection with the country's war effort

LONDONERS INTERESTED IN THE REPLANNING OF THEIR CITY: The present Exhibition at Burlington House has proved of the greatest interest to citizens. A huge map there gives details of the proposed schemes for the rebuilding of the Metropolis; and interested crowds attend each day to listen to Mr. Austin Hill (secretary of the Exhibition), seen above, as he explains the various schemes on this map

TONS OF COAL FOR THE WINTER DUMPED IN LONDON: Thousands of tons of coal are being stacked up on the sites of bombed buildings in the City and on open spaces throughout the country against the onset of winter. One stock of 5,000 tons is being dumped in the heart of London, where the well of a huge cleared site in Baker Street has been taken over. Lorry-loads are daily being added to the growing piles of fuel

THE LORD MAYOR REOPENS THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY: During the great raid on December 29, 1940, the Guildhall was severely damaged by fire: since then a sum of over £2,000 has been spent on repairing the famous Library. It was reopened to the public by the Lord Mayor a few days ago. Some of the windows have been replaced, and archways renovated; but there are still bare patches which will not be improved until after the war

"Z PROJECT"—a complete aerodrome and factory installation which has just been completed for the U.S. forces in Britain: Some of the rubble-shifters which helped to build the giant runways

In March last the Director-General of Aircraft Production Factories at the M.A.P. called his staff to a conference. The American Government had asked us to build them a complete aerodrome and factory installation. They required it to be ready for occupation by the end of June. And the site chosen was in an isolated spot several miles away from the nearest railway and upwards of a score of miles from the nearest town. This "Z Project" briefly consists of an aerodrome of super size equipped with runways able to take any aircraft, from fighters to the biggest bombers, together with hangars, accommodation for ground and flying crews, and all auxiliary buildings, such as Control and Operations Rooms. In addition, a complete factory has been set up, rows and rows of hangars, assembly-sheds and machine-shops, together with housing, feeding and recreation amenities for thousands of American civilian workers. In mere dimensions alone "Z Project" is imposing enough. But it is the time and the circumstances in which this township has been completed which make it the record production feat of this war. From start to finish it was completed in sixteen weeks!

AMERICAN AIRCRAFT WORKERS AT LUNCH in one of the many huge dining-halls at "Z Project." Each hall seats over eight hundred men: these have come from all parts of America to play their part of putting a vast armada of U.S. aircraft into the air

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A RANDOM SELECTION OF INTEREST

The Memoirs of Siegfried Sassoon; A City in Danger; An Austere Simenon; Peter Cheyney with a Difference

IT has been said that poets tend to flock together in schools or coteries. Like painters, some of them have not been able to escape, even had they so wished, the classification of a label. The Post-Impressionists and the Pre-Raphaelites may have had a precursive influence on the Imagists, to whom the Georgians appeared to be in lusty opposition. By and large, however, those who abide our question are the smaller fry, content, in later years, to endure the austerities of the waste-land.

Survivors from the form-and-hedgerow school, so tastefully bound and anthologised as Georgians, are so few that the name of Mr. Siegfried Sassoon has almost ceased to be associated with that mellifluous collection. Mr. Sassoon, of course, has never consented to be a poet *per se*. He is the author of many prose works, nearly every one of which has its basis in personal experience. He has not lived longer than anybody else of his age, but he seems to have packed more varied experience into his life than most men of letters, and certainly more than most poets.

He is responsible, for instance, for one of the classic books of personal experience in the last war. He has written books on fox-hunting which stand well alongside some of the masterpieces of that sport. In George Sherston he has given a living and immortal character to English literature.

Yet the riches of personalia and reminiscence are by no means worked out, as is revealed in THE WEALD OF YOUTH (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.), which is offered as the second portion of Mr. Sassoon's autobiography, covering the period of seven years from 1907 to 1914. Here we meet the young poet prevailing upon that strange character, T. W. H. Crosland, to print some of his sonnets in *The Academy*. We find him discovering "Doughty's enormous epic *The Dawn in Britain*," sending a congratulatory letter to the great man and getting a reply from him. Later he is engaged in "a strenuous perusal of Meredith," and then turning to Walter Pater, "by whom Meredith had been pervasively superseded in the capricious microcosm of my mind."

Although, strictly speaking, these memoirs are intended to be "a simple chart of my mental climate," the pattern of autobiography would not be well balanced if the fox-hunter, the golfer, the cricketer, the enthusiastic dancer and the point-to-point rider did not keep breaking in. Those four horses, including the redoubtable Cockbird, and the season with the Atherstone, simply had to fall into their place, even though they fit, not so incongruously as it would appear, between first meetings with Sir Edmund Gosse and Sir Edward Marsh. Nor does it appear incongruous that his encounter with George Moore at a Gosse tea-party, when Moore "struck me as being a peculiarly unpleasant old gentleman, and who also happened to be doing his best to be at his worst," should immediately be followed by a description of a grilling hot day in Derby Week at Tattersall's Yard.

There are no memoirs, reminiscences, autobiographies, or whatever else you like to call them, quite like these of Mr. Siegfried Sassoon's, no more than there is poetry quite like his. His uniqueness is the better savoured by the knowledge that he appears not to be striving to be unique.

WHAT EVERY HOUSEHOLDER SHOULD KNOW

Two ounces of paper per week from every grown person would amount to over 100,000 tons per annum.

Three pounds per week is reckoned as the average collection from a small house.

500,000 tons of paper is equivalent to nearly 2,250,000 cubic yards. Approximately 40,000,000 sheets of paper a yard square go into it. This would cover Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, Berkshire, Wiltshire, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall and the Isle of Wight. It would also go round the Equator nearly 1,000 times

REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON, 1860-1865 (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.) is an American best-seller and Pulitzer prize-winner, and seems likely to repeat at least one of those successes here. Miss Margaret Leech has written of the United States capital when it was a city in danger; when the enemy was not far from the other bank of the Potomac, and when the guns of Gettysburg and Bull Run could be heard in the city's streets.

Lincoln, although he must always seem to dominate every scene in which he appears, is not the central figure here: it is the town itself, with its ragged soldiers, its women spies, its muddy streets, its brothels and grog-shops, and the ceaseless, pulsating life of its inner politics.

If *Gone With the Wind* can be held to have told the story of the South, then this is something of the story of the North, and it has its own romance. Miss Leech has done some really magnificent historical research on her subject, with the result that she writes with an easy and lively familiarity of the period, and with well-justified confidence.

It was the habit of parties of picnickers to drive out of Washington and observe the fighting from a safe hill-side when there was an engagement near at hand. But there were few enough of them about on the day when Lincoln watched the battle at Fort Stevens.

"This sharp skirmish was the President's only opportunity of seeing troops in action. He had no concern for his personal safety. Both on Monday and Tuesday, with nearly half his tall form exposed above the parapet, he was under fire at Fort Stevens. . . . A surgeon was killed . . . within three feet of Lincoln. The President remained after Wright had cleared the parapet of everyone else, and the General ordered him to withdraw. Wright's remonstrance was couched in dignified, if peremptory, terms; and it was left for his exasperated young aide, Lieut.-Colonel Oliver Wendell Holmes, to shout at the Chief Executive, "Get down, you fool!"

One chapter is devoted to Mrs. Lincoln—that charmless and unstable figure who had, in her own opinion, married an uncouth and self-educated lawyer, and felt the marriage justified only when he was elected to the Presidency. Mary Lincoln was greedy, jealous and had an ungovernable temper, as all Washington knew. She was incurably extravagant, and not too scrupulous about her means of finding the money for her bills. Yet Lincoln was gentle with her and only withdrew from her in her rages. "What a home life Lincoln's was!" wrote his Springfield partner. "What a wife!"

THE MAN WHO NAMED THE LANCASTER BOMBER, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Wilfred Freeman, who has just been appointed Chief Executive to the Ministry of Aircraft Production—a new post created for him. Aged fifty-four, Sir Wilfred will be in supreme charge of three Departments—Communications, Controller-General's and Research and Development

The restraining hand of austerity has reached out even as far as Simenon, whose latest book contains only one instead of the usual and lavish pair of detective stories. THE MAN WHO WATCHED THE TRAINS GO BY (Routledge. 7s. 6d.) is, however, the best kind of Simenon, unemphatic, mysterious and oddly logical.

This writer is unique in one sense: that he never, as far as I have observed, comments on his characters' actions. He presents them against their right background and leaves all judgment to the reader. And with this purely-objective attitude he combines the most extraordinary sense of people's inward lives, of their motives for crime, of their boredom, and all without a word of direct comment.

The Dutchman of Simenon's current tale is—or seems—a respectable and infinitely-dull merchant in a small port. True, he has occasionally watched the trains pass in the night, and start on their long journeys to France and on to Paris. But many of us have done that with less obscure feelings than Mr. Kees Popinga, who one night feels impelled to take a train and, within twenty-four hours, to launch out on a career of murder of the most bestial and coldly-calculated kind.

Simenon is incomparable, because he follows no precedents, neither those of a novelist nor of a writer of crime fiction, nor of a serious criminologist. Yet in his writing there are traces of all three, and there is a sly, implicit humour that is much nearer life than fiction.

Mr. Peter Cheyney's approach to detective fiction is a very different affair. In SORRY YOU 'VE BEEN TROUBLED (Collins. 8s. 6d.) he tells his readers, of whom I understand there are a satisfactory number, just what his characters are feeling and doing and why they are doing it. Unless, that is, such candour obstructs the development of the plot, in which case he switches with no compunction to a long and irrelevant report of a conversation in a bar (if a bar can be said to be irrelevant to any Cheyney novel), or to the cataloguing of a lady's wardrobe.

Mr. Cheyney's ladies and gentlemen may get themselves murdered in varying circumstances, but the variety is apt to end there. His dames are all beautiful; his guys, whether good or bad, all drunks. Or rather, to be precise in his own idiom, they are all soaks. They absorb alcohol constantly and in alarming quantities. (One is moved to wonder where they get it all nowadays.) But they never get riotously drunk; they neither sing nor reel. Their brains function with the same cold clarity if they are on the right side, or the same brutality if they are on the wrong.

And all of them, men and women (and children too, if one ever muscled in on this particular territory), are tough. Goodness, they 're tough!

But I always read on, more or less fascinated. After all, it 's a dream world. All those beautiful women, and all that bourbon whisky. . . .

Two New London Plays

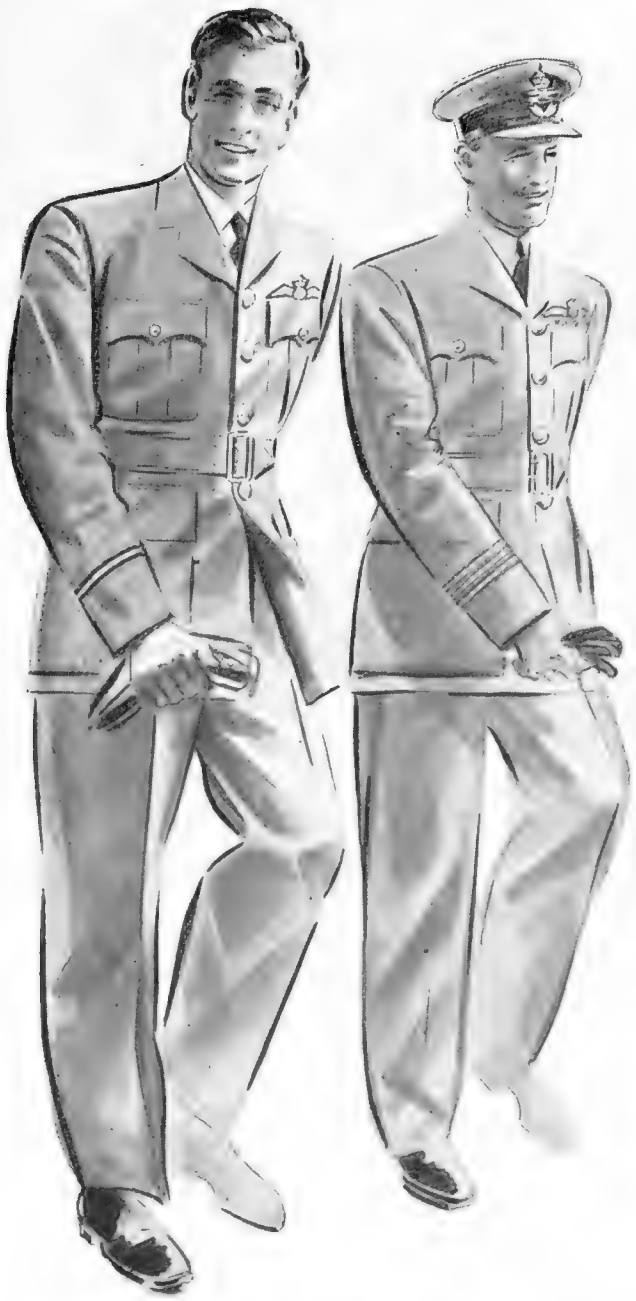
Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

THE LITTLE FOXES.—I have inveighed of late—and, I think, with reason—against blatantly-sadistic plays on the London stage. This epoch of world-horror is not the time to see players pretending to torture each other at 12s. 6d. a stall. One of these productions has just ceased to be after a very short life; another lingers on as a source of laughter in the wrong places (remember *Young England*?), which is a fitting fate for it, as well as a testimony to the good sense of the British public.

The Little Foxes, at the Piccadilly Theatre, is about the cruellest play I have ever seen, but it is in quite a different category. There are no stabbings and burnings and arm-twistings and beatings, except with the lash of a woman's tongue. That is to say, its sadism is a mental process and there is subtlety in plenty. This is an evil—a very evil—play, but it is not a bad play. Indeed, it is a very good one, though I do not advise anyone to visit it who is in search of the spirit of carnival. One may be depressed by it, but one is also impressed.

Miss Fay Compton has so much beauty and natural charm that it was almost impossible for her to bring out to the full the foulness of Regina, a woman whose only thought is to dominate and to amass money, and who coldly watches her husband die of a heart attack while refusing to lift her hand to the medicine-bottle which might have saved him. A clever performance, none the less. Fine performances, too, by a set of nasty brothers, etc., notably Mr. Julien Mitchell, Mr. Hugh Miller, and Mr. Richard Attenborough as a horrid young crook-in-the-making, who held his soul in pawn by robbing a bank. Miss Mary Merrall, who made the most of her one big scene, and a couple of coloured servants (the locale is a small town in America) were about the only people who did not thoroughly repel me.

The Importance of Being Earnest.—To relieve any gloom engendered by the above foxy play, I would suggest Oscar Wilde's brilliant farce, now nearly fifty years old. It is as fresh and as funny as ever, and I was glad to see at the first performance of the present revival at the Phœnix Theatre so many very young people in the audience—most of them in uniform—yelling with laughter at the wit. One might have expected the modern generation to dismiss it all with a shrug as out-of-date Victorian tripe. That this has not happened is a tribute to the intelligence and good sense of this generation, as well as to the play, which is not of any age, but for all time. Praise is also due to the all-round excellence of the cast. Mr. John Gielgud, Miss Edith Evans, Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and sweet Miss Peggy Ashcroft have been seen in the play before. Mr. Cyril Ritchard is a newcomer from musical shows. His subtlety as a comedian in these prepared me for the brilliant success of his debut.



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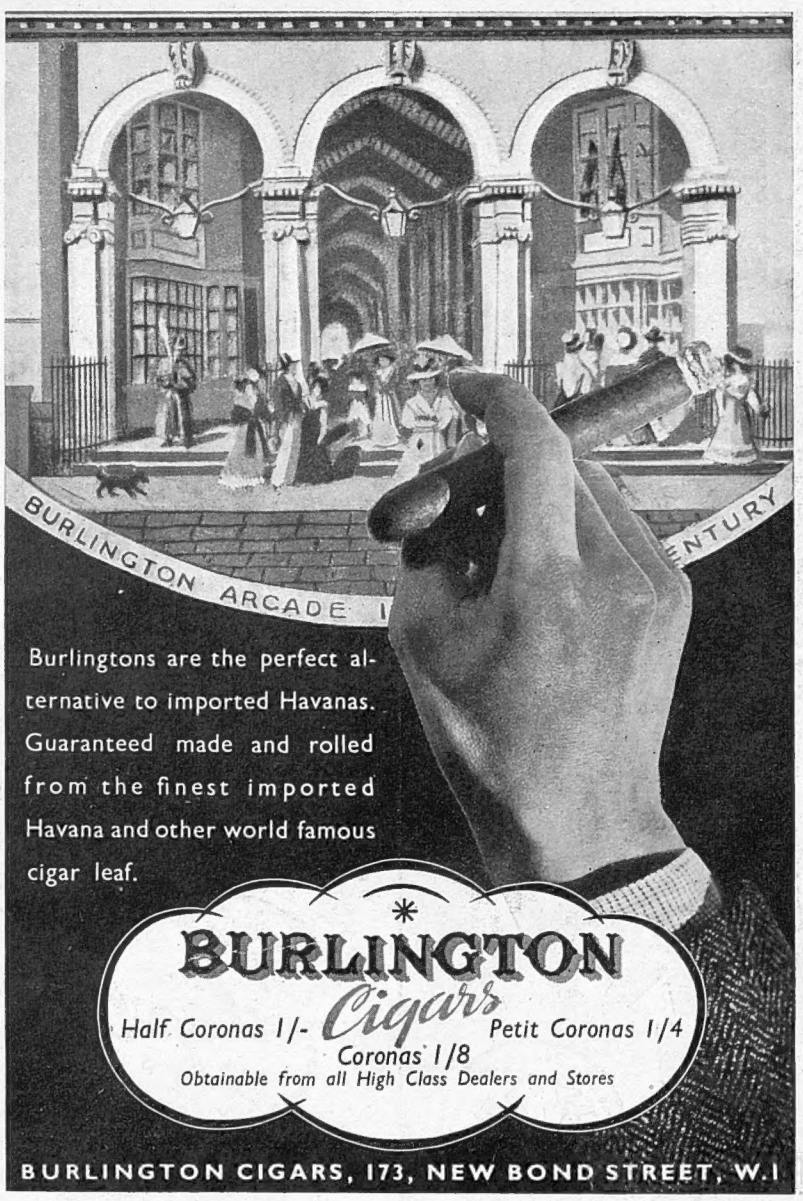

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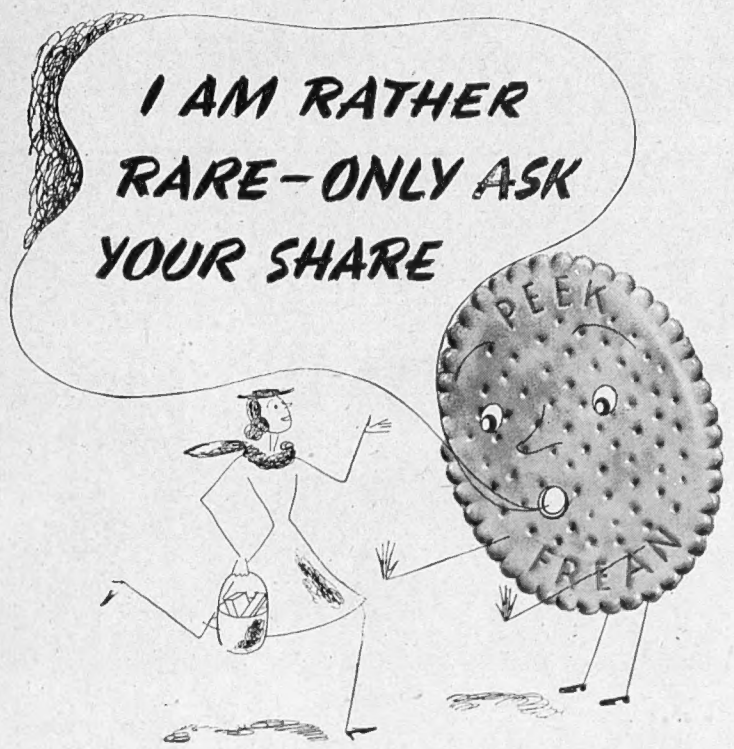

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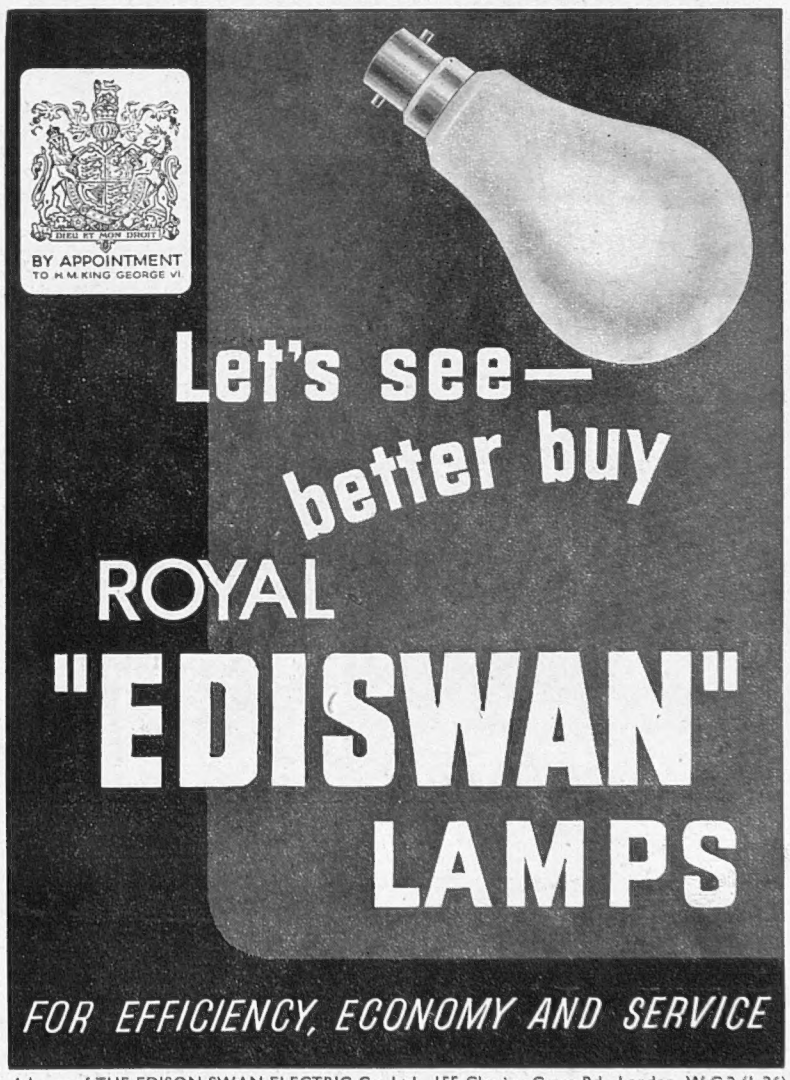

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